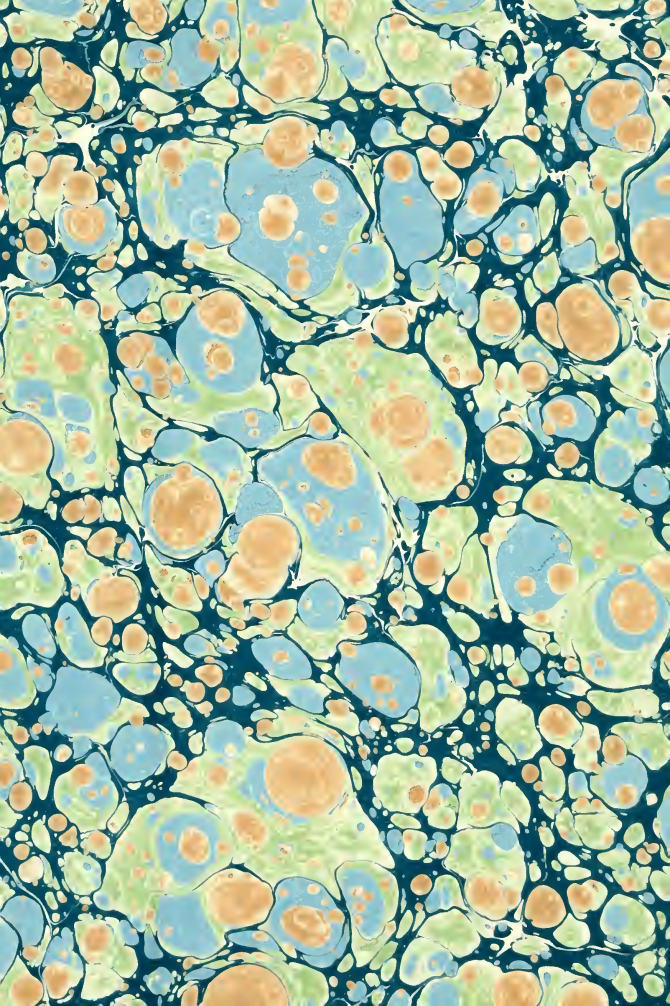

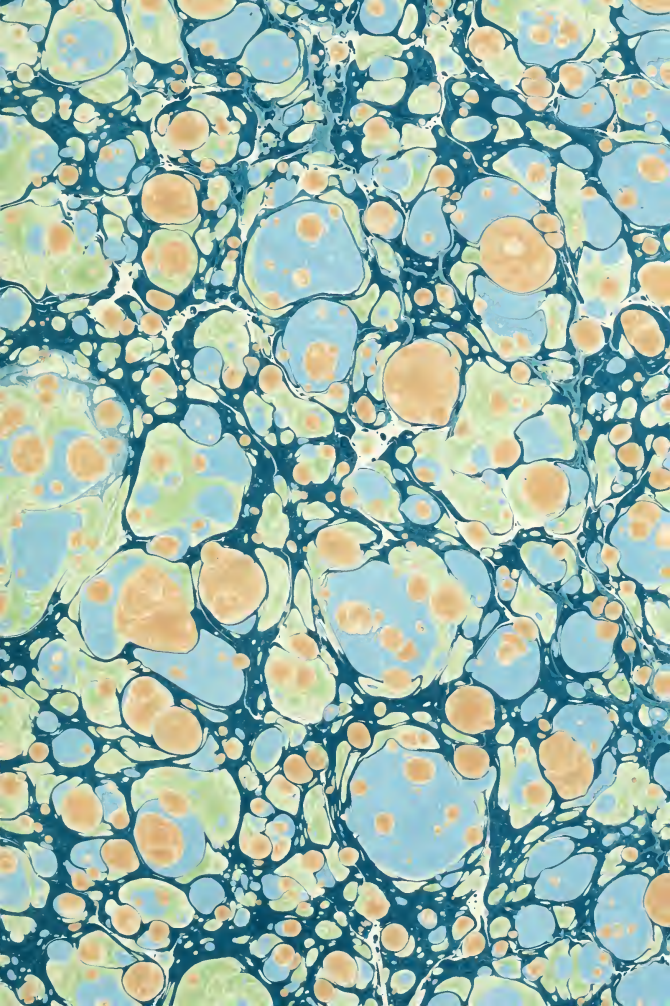

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Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, who died 1899, said: "Fanny Kemble was of the most attractive actresses I ever saw. She was the most [illegible] I ever saw. In the "Hunchback" I imitated her reading, I admired it so. She had great force and power. She had no superior in Belvidera, Rosalind and Beatrice."

Frederika Bremer, in "Homes of the New World" said of Fanny Kemble: "She has a warm heart, and life and spirit enough to ride a horse to death every day. She is proud as a queen, yet simple as a country girl in some ways, simple enough to drive a cow home to one of the Sedgwick girls, who had lost her, and received the one from Fanny to replace it — Sublime Fanny!"

Maria Lowell [illegible] on Miss Bremer with Laura Bridgman, [illegible] deaf, dumb and blind, and at that time a young woman. Miss Bremer [illegible] "Fanny [illegible] bitterly [illegible] Laura being deprived of her childhood, owing to her disease, has embittered her life. I am glad there is one Fanny Kemble in the world but would [illegible] there were two." (This was about 1848)

"Homes of New World" - p. 236.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

JOURNAL.

JOURNAL.

BY

FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.
1835.

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JOURNAL.

Saturday,
December 1st. } 1832.

First day of the last month of the year—go it old fellow! I'm sick of the road, and would be at my journey's end. Got two hundred dollars from my father, and immediately after breakfast sallied forth: paid bills and visits, and came home. Found my father sitting with our kinsman, Mr. ——, busily discussing the family origin, root, branches, and all. We are an old family, they say, but the direct line is lost after Charles the Second's reign. Our kinsman is a nice man, with a remarkably fine face, with which I was greatly struck. When he was gone, persuaded my father to come down and take a breathing on the Battery with me. And a breathing it was with a vengeance. The wind blew tempestuously, the waters, all troubled and rough, were of a yellow green colour, breaking into short, strong, angry waves, whose glittering white crests the wind carried away, as they sank to the level surface again. The shores were all cold, distinct, sharp-cut, and wintry-looking, the sky was black and gloomy, with now and then a watery wan sunlight running through it. The wind was so powerful, we could

scarcely keep our legs. My sleeves and skirts fluttered in the blast, my bonnet was turned front part behind, my nose was blue, my cheeks were crimson, my hair was all tangled, my breath was gone, my blood was in a glow: what a walk! Met dear Dr. ——, whom I love. Came in—dined. After dinner, bethought me that I had not called upon Mrs. —— according to promise. Sent for a coach, and set forth thither; didn't know the number, so drove up Spring street, and down Spring street, and finally stopped at a shop, got a directory, and found the address. Sat a few minutes with her, and at five o'clock left her. The day was already gone—the *gloamin* come. The keen cutting wind whizzed along the streets; huge masses of dark clouds, with soft brown edges lay on the pale delicate blue of the evening sky. The moon was up, clear, cold, and radiant; the crowd had ebbed away from the busy thoroughfare, and only a few men in great coats buttoned up to their chins, and women wrapped in cloaks, were scudding along in the dim twilight and the bitter wind towards their several destinations, with a frozen shuddering look that made me laugh. I had got perished in the coach, and seeing that the darkness covered me, determined to walk home, and bade the coach follow me. How pleasant it was: I walked tremendously fast, enjoying the fresh breath of the north, and looking at the glittering moon, as she rode high in the evening sky. How I do like walking alone—being alone; for this alone I wish I were a man. At half past five went to the theatre. The house was crammed; play, Hunchback. I missed —— from his accustomed seat, and found that like a very politician he had changed sides. I played abominably; my voice was weak and fagged.

After the play, Katharine and Petruchio. I played that better; my father was admirable—it went off delightfully. When it was over, they called for my father, and with me in his hand, he went on. The pit rose to us like Christians, and shouted and hallooed as I have been used to hear. I felt sorry to leave them: they are a pleasant audience to act to, and exceedingly civil to us, and I have got rather attached to them. New York too seems nearer home than any other place, and I felt sorry to leave it. When we had withdrawn, and were going up stairs, we heard three distinct and tremendous cheers. On asking what that meant, we learnt 'twas a compliment to us—thank 'em kindly. Came home: found Mr. —— had sent me Contarini Fleming. Began reading it, and could scarce eat my supper for doing so. * *

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Sunday, 2d.

While dressing, received a "sweet note" from Mrs. ——, accompanied with a volume of Bryant's poetry, which, as I like very much, I am her obliged. Swallowed two mouthfuls of bread, and away to church. It was very crowded, and a worthy woman had taken possession of the corner seat in Mr. ——'s pew, with a fidgetting little child, which she kept dancing up and down every two minutes; though in church I wished for the days of King Herod. What strange thoughts did occur to me to-day during service. 'Tis the first Sunday in Advent. The lesson for the day contained the history of the Annunciation. What a mystery our belief is: how

seldom it is that we consider and as it were *take hold* of what we say we believe, and when we do so, how bewildered and lost we become,—how lost among a thousand wild imaginations,—how driven to and fro by a thousand doubts,—how wrecked amidst a thousand fears. Surely we should be humble: we should indeed remember that we *cannot know*, and not strive for that knowledge which our souls will lose themselves in seeking for, and our overstrained minds crack in reaching at. * *

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At the end of service they sang Luther's hymn. I cried with nervous excitement, not at that, but at my recollection of Braham's singing it with that terrible trumpet accompaniment, that used to make my heart stand still and listen. Stayed and took the sacrament. * *

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Came home: found a whole regiment of men. His honour the Recorder, who is my especial delight, Mr. ——, ——, whom I greatly affection; to these presently entered Mr. —— and Mr. ——. They one by one bade me good-by; how disagreeable that is, that good-by. Mr. —— read me a passage out of one of Jeffrey's letters describing an English fine lady. The picture is admirable, and most faithful; they are, indeed, polished, brilliant, smooth as ice, as slippery, as treacherous, as cold. When they were all gone, Colonel —— gave me to read the descriptive sketch of the French opera, La Tentation, that has been setting all Paris wild. What an atrocious piece of blasphemy, indecency, and folly—what a thoroughly French invention. Mad people! mad peo-

ple! mad people! Looked over bills, settled accounts, righted desk, tore up papers; among others, sundry anonymous love letters that I had treasured up as specimens of the purely funny in composition, but which began to take up too much room. Dressed for dinner. After dinner sat writing journal, and reading Contarini Fleming. * * * * *

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Monday, 3d.

Rose at half past four. The sky was black as death, but in the night winter had dropped his mantle on the earth, and there it lay, cold, and purely white, against the inky sky. Dressed: crammed away all the gleanings of the packing, and in thaw, and sleet, and rain, drove down to the steamboat. Went directly to the cabin. On my way thither, managed to fall down half a dozen steep steps, and give myself as many bruises. I was picked up and led to a bed, where I slept profoundly till breakfast time. Our kinsman, Mr. ——, was our fellow-passenger: I like him mainly. After breakfast returned to my crib. As I was removing Contarini Fleming, in order to lie down, a *lady* said to me, "Let me look at one of those books," and without further word of question or acknowledgment, took it from my hand, and began reading. I was a *little surprised*, but said nothing, and went to sleep. Presently I was roused by a pull on the shoulder, and another lady, rather more civil and particularly considerate, asked me to do her the favour of lending her the other. I said by all manner of means, wished her at the

devil, and turned round to sleep once more. Arrived at Amboy, we disembarked and bundled ourselves into our coach, ourselves, our namesake, and a pretty quiet lady, who was going, in much heaviness of heart, to see a sick child. The roads were unspeakable; the day most delightfully disagreeable. My bruises made the saltatory movements of our crazy conveyance doubly torturing; in short, all things were the perfection of misery. I attempted to read, but found it utterly impossible to do so. Arrived at the Delaware, we took boat again; and, as I was sitting very quietly reading Contarini Fleming, with the second volume lying on the stool at my feet, the same unceremonious lady who had *borrowed* it before, snatched it up without addressing a single syllable to me, read as long as she pleased, and threw it down again in the same style when she went to dinner. Now I know that half the people here, if they were to read that in Mrs. Trollope, would say, "Oh, but you know she could not have been a lady; 'tis not fair to judge of our manners by the vulgar specimens of American society which a steamboat may afford." Very true: but granting that she was *not* a lady, (which she certainly was not,) supposing her to have been a housemaid, or anything else of equal pretensions to good breeding, the way to judge is by comparing her, not with ladies in other countries, but with housemaids, persons in her own condition of life, and 'tis most certain that no person whatsoever, however ignorant, low, or vulgar, in England, would have done such a thing as that. But the mixture of the republican feeling of equality peculiar to this country, and the usual want of refinement common to the lower classes of most countries, forms a singularly felicitous union of impudence and vulgarity to

be met with no where but in America.* Arrived at the Mansion House, which I was quite glad to see again. In-

* In speaking of the bad and disagreeable results of the political institutions of this country, as exhibited in the feelings and manners of the lower orders, I have every where dwelt upon those which, from my own disposition, and the opinions and sentiments in which I have been educated, have struck me most, and most unfavourably. But I should be sorry to be so blind, or so prejudiced as not to perceive the great moral goods which arise from the very same source, and display themselves strongly in the same class of people. *Honesty* and *truth*, excellencies so great, that the most bigoted worshipper of the forms and divisions of societies in the old world, would surely be ashamed to weigh them in the balance against the deference there paid to rank or riches, or even the real and very agreeable qualities of civility and courtesy. Americans (I speak now of the *people*, not the gentlemen and ladies, *they* are neither so honest and true, nor quite so rude,) are indeed independent. Every man that will work a little can live extremely well. No portion of the country is yet overstocked with followers of trades, not even the Atlantic cities. Living is cheap—labour is dear. To conclude, as the Irish woman said, "It is a darling country for poor folks; for if I work three days in the week, can't I lie in my bed the other three if I plase?" This being so, all dealings between handicraftsmen and those who employ them, tradesmen and those who buy of them, servants and those who are served by them, are conducted upon the most entire system of reciprocity of advantage; indeed, if anything, the obligation appears always to lie on that party which, with us, is generally supposed to confer it. Thus—my shoemaker, a person with whom I have now dealt largely for two years, said to me the other day, upon my remonstrating about being obliged regularly to come to his shop and unboot, whenever I order a new pair of walking boots—"Well, ma'am, we can keep your measure certainly, *to oblige you*, but as a rule we don't do it for any of our customers, it's so very trou-

stalled myself in a room, and while they brought in the packages, finished Contarini Fleming. It reminded me of

blesome." These people are then, as I said before, most truly independent; they are therefore never servile, and but seldom civil, but for the very same reason they do not rob you—they do not need to do so; neither do they lie to you, for your favour or displeasure in no way affects their interest. If you entrust to their care materials of any sort to make up, you are sure, no matter how long you may leave them in their hands, or how entirely you may have forgotten the quantity originally given, to have every inch of them returned to you: and you are also generally sure that any question you ask, with regard to the quality of what you purchase, will be answered without any endeavour to impose upon you, or palm upon your ignorance that which is worse for that which is better. Two circumstances, which have come under my own knowledge, will serve to illustrate the spirit of the people; and they are good illustrations to quote, for similar circumstances are of daily and hourly occurrence.

A farmer who is in the habit of calling at our house on his way to market, with eggs, poultry, etc., being questioned as to whether the eggs were new-laid, replied, without an instant's hesitation, "No, not the *very* fresh ones, *we eat all those ourselves.*"

On returning home late from the play one night, I could not find my slippers any where, and, after some useless searching, performed my toilet for bed without them. The next morning, on inquiring of my maid if she knew anything of them, she replied, with perfect equanimity, that having walked home through the snow, and got her feet extremely wet, she had put them on, and forgotten to restore them to their place before my return. Nobody, I think, will doubt that an English farmer, and an English servant, might sell stale eggs, and use their mistresses' slippers; but I think it highly doubtful, that either fact would have been acknowledged with such perfect honesty any where but here. As to the servants here, except the blacks, and the poor Irish bread-hunters who come over, there are scarcely any to be

Combes' book: I wonder whether he is turning phrenologist at all? those physiological principles were the bosom friends of the Combes' phrenological ones. Stowed away my things, made a delicious huge wood fire, dressed myself, and went down to dinner. Our kinsman dined with us. Mr. —— came in while we were at dinner. After dinner came up to my room, continued unpacking and putting away my things till near nine o'clock. When we went down to tea, my father was lying on the sofa asleep, and a man was sitting with his back to the door, reading the newspaper. He looked up as we came in: it was ——, whom I greatly rejoiced to see again. During tea, he told us all the Philadelphia gossip. So the ladies are all getting up upon horses, and wearing the "*Kemble* cap," as they call Lady ——'s device. How she would laugh if she could hear it; how I did laugh when I did hear it. The Kemble cap, forsooth! thus it is that great originators too often lose the fame of their inventions, and that the glory of a *new idea* passes by the head that conceived it, to encircle, as with a halo, that of some mere imitator; thus it is that this very big world comes to be called America, and not Columbia, as it *ought to;* thus it is—etc. etc. etc. He sat for some time. Saw poor Mrs. ——. * * * * *

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She is better, poor thing; I like her amazingly.

found—the very name seems repugnant to an American; and however high their wages, and easy their situation, they seem hardly to be able to endure the bitterness of subserviency and subordination.

Tuesday, 4th.

After breakfast practised for two hours. —— called and stayed some time. Came up to my own room; wrote journal: while doing so a note containing two cards, and an invitation to "tea," from the Miss ——'s was brought to me. Presently I was called down to receive our kinsman, who sat some time with me, whom I like most especially, who is a gentleman, and a very nice person. Came up and resumed my journal: was again summoned down to see young Mr. ——. * * *

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When he was gone, finished journal, wrote to Mrs. ——, to my mother, read a canto in Dante, and began to write a novel. Dined at five. After dinner, put out things for this evening, played on the piano, mended habit shirt, dressed myself, and at a quarter to ten went to the theatre for my father. I had on the same dress I wore at Devonshire House, the night of the last ball I was at in England, and looked at myself in amazement, to think of all the strangenesses that have befallen since then. We proceeded to Miss ——'s, and this tea party turned out to be a very crowded dance, in small rooms, upon carpets, and with a roasting fire. Was introduced to all the world and his wife. Dr. —— claimed acquaintance with us, and danced with me: I like his manners very much. I have beheld Miss ——, and should doubtless now depart in peace. * * * * *

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Lord! Lord! what fools men and women do make themselves. Was introduced to one Mr. ——, Mr. ——'s

partner, whom I received graciously for the sake of the good days on board the Pacific. Came away at a little after twelve. I never felt anything like the heat of the rooms, or heard anything so strange as the questions the people ask one, or saw anything more lovely than the full moonlight on the marble buildings of Philadelphia.

Wednesday, 5th.

After breakfast, practised: Mr. and Mrs. —— called, also Dr. ——. Went and saw poor Mrs. —— for a little time; she interests me most extremely—I like her very, very much. Came up to my own room; read a canto of Dante. Was called down to see folk, and found the drawing-room literally thronged. The first face I made out was Mr. ——'s, for whom I have taken an especial love: two ladies, a whole load of men, and Mr. ——, who had brought me a curious piece of machinery, in the shape of a musical box, to look at. It contained a little bird, no larger than a large fly, with golden and purple wings, and a tiny white beak. On the box being wound up, this little creature flew out, and perching itself on the brink of a gold basin, began fluttering its wings, opening its beak, and uttering sundry very melodious warblings, in the midst of which—it sank suddenly down, and disappeared, the lid closed, and there was an end. What a pity 'tis that we can only realize fairy-land through the means of machinery. One reason why there is no such thing left as the believing faculty among men, is because they have themselves learnt to make magic, and perform miracles. When the coast was once more clear, I returned to my room, got out things for the theatre, dined tête-à-tête

Aunt Adelaide.

with D——; my father dined at the public table. After dinner, came up stairs, read Grahame, wrote journal, began my novel under another shape. I can't write prose, (query: can I anything else?) I don't know how, but my sentences are the comicallest things in the world; the end forgets the beginning, and the whole is a perfect labyrinth of parenthesis within parenthesis. Perhaps, by the bye, without other view, it would be just as well if I exercised myself a little in writing my own language, as the grammar hath it, "with elegance and propriety." At half past five went to the theatre. The play was Romeo and Juliet; the house not good. Mr. —* played Romeo. *

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I acted like a wretch, of course; how could I do otherwise? Oh, Juliet! vision of the south! rose of the garden of the earth! was this the glorious hymn that Shakspeare hallowed to your praise? was this the mingled strain of Love's sweet going forth, and Death's dark victory, over which my heart and soul have been poured out in wonder and ecstasy?—How I do loathe the stage! these wretched, tawdry, glittering rags, flung over the breathing forms of ideal loveliness; these miserable, poor, and pitiful substitutes for the glories with which poetry has invested her magnificent and fair creations—the glories with which our imagination reflects them back again. What a mass of wretched mumming mimicry acting is. Pasteboard and paint, for the thick breathing orange groves of the south; green silk and oiled parchment, for the solemn splendour of her noon of night; wooden platforms and canvass curtains, for the solid marble balconies, and rich dark draperies of Juliet's sleeping chamber, that

* Probably Murdoch.

shrine of love and beauty; rouge, for the startled life-blood in the cheek of that young passionate woman; an actress, a mimicker, a sham creature, me, in fact, or any other one, for that loveliest and most wonderful conception, in which all that is true in nature, and all that is exquisite in fancy, are moulded into a living form. To *act* this! to *act* Romeo and Juliet!—horror! horror! how I do loathe my most impotent and unpoetical craft! *

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In the last scene of the play, I was so mad with the mode in which all the preceding ones had been perpetrated, that, lying over Mr. ——'s corpse, and fumbling for his dagger, which I could not find, I, Juliet, thus apostrophized him, —Romeo being dead—"Why, where *the* devil *is* your dagger, Mr. ——?" What a disgusting travesty. On my return home I expressed my entire determination to my father to perform the farce of Romeo and Juliet no more. Why, it's an absolute *shame* that one of Shakspeare's plays should be thus turned into a mockery. I received a note from young Mr. —†—, accompanied by a very curious nosegay in shells; a poor substitute for the breathing, fresh, rosy flowers he used to furnish me with, when I was last here.

Thursday, 6th.

The morning was beautifully bright and warm, like a May morning in England. After breakfast practised for two hours: while doing so, was interrupted by Mr. ——, who came to bid us good-by. He was going on to New

* Murdoch's

† Probably Butler.

York, and thence to England. * * *

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He sat some time. When he was gone, and I had finished my practising, came up to my own room. Was summoned thence to see my kinsman, who sat some time with me, and whom I like of all things. He makes it out (for he seems a great meddler in these matters) that we are originally Italian people, pirates, by name, Campo Bello; the same family as the Scottish Campbells; the same family as the Norman Beauchamps: how I only wish it were true! I have, and always have had the greatest love and veneration for old blood; I would rather by far have some barbarous Saxon giant to my ancestor, than all the wealth of the earth to my dower. I parted from my friend with much regret; he has won my heart fairly. When he was gone, came up to my own room. The day was brilliant and unclouded, and as I looked into the serene blue sky, my spirit longed for wings. *

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Dr. —— called this morning, and interested me by a long account of Webster, in the course of which, however, he gave me, if possible a stronger distaste than I had before, to the form of government in this country, from various results which he enumerated as inevitably belonging to it. Read a canto in Dante: it consoles me to read my Italian, and forget for a time all that *is*. * * *

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I sat watching the glorious sunset as it came redly streaming into my room, touching everything with glory, and

shining through my hair upon my book. It suggested to me a picture; and I wrote one for Mrs. ——, who had been consulting me about a costume in which to sit for her portrait. Dined at five: my father dined out. After dinner, sat writing journal till ten, when he returned. The moon was shining soft and full, and he asked me if I would take a walk. I bonneted and booted, and we sallied forth to the Schuylkill. The moon withdrew herself behind a veil of thin white clouds, but left a grey clear light over the earth, and through the sky. We reached the Fair Mount bridge at about eleven. The turnpike was fast, and every body asleep, so we climbed over the gate, and very deliberately pursued our way through the strange dark-looking covered bridge, where the glimmering lamps, at distant intervals, threw the crossing beams and rafters into momentary brightness, that had a strange effect contrasted with the surrounding gloom.* We reached the other side, and turning off from the road, began climbing the hill opposite the breakwater. The road was muddy in the valley with the heavy rains, and unwilling to wade through the dirt, we clambered along a paling for several yards, and so escaped the mire. My father steered for the grassy knoll just opposite Fair Mount, and there, screened by a thicket of young cedar bushes, with the river breaking over the broad dam far below us, and the shadowy banks on the other side melt-

* The bridges here are all made of wood, and for the most part covered. Those which are so, are by no means unpicturesque objects. The one-arched bridge at Fair Mount is particularly light and graceful in its appearance: at a little distance, it looks like a scarf, rounded by the wind, flung over the river.

ing away in the soft grey light, we sat down on a tree trunk. Here we remained for upwards of a quarter of an hour without uttering a syllable; indeed, we had not spoken three words since we set out. My father was thinking, I presume, of——something; I, of the day of judgment—when these thick forests, and wide strong waters, like a shrivelled scroll, are to burn to ashes before the coming of God's justice. We were disturbed by a large white spaniel dog, who, coming down from among the cedar bushes, reminded me of the old witch stories, and Faust. We arose to depart, and took our way towards the Market street bridge, along the banks of the river, The broken notes of a buglehorn came at intervals across the sleeping waters from the opposite shore, where shone reflected the few lingering lights from the houses that had not yet shut up for the night. The moon, faintly struggling through the clouds, now touched the dark pyramids of the cedar trees that rose up into the grey sky, and threw our shadows on the lonely path we were pursuing, now cast a pale gleam through the rapid clouds that chased one another like dreams across the sky. The air was soft and balmy as the night air of mid August. The world was still; and except our footfalls, as we trudged along, no sound disturbed the universal repose. We did not reach home till half past twelve. As we walked down Market street, through the long ranges of casks, the only creatures stirring, except some melancholy night-loving cat, my father said very calmly, "How I *do* wish I had a gimlet."—"What for?"—"What fun it would be to pierce every one of these barrels." For a gentleman of his years, this appeared to me rather a juvenile prompting of Satan; and as I laughingly expostulated on the wicked-

ness of such a proceeding, he replied with much innocence, "I don't think they'd ever suspect me of having done it:" and truly, I don't think they would. Came home, and to bed. That was a curious fancy of my father's.

A PICTURE.

Through the half open'd casement stream'd the light
Of the departing sun. The golden haze
Of the red western sky fell warm and bright
Into that chamber large and lone: the blaze
Touch'd slantingly curtain and couch, and threw
A glory over many an antique gem,
Won from th' entombed cities that once grew
At the volcano's foot. Mingled with them
Stood crystal bowls, through which the broken ray
Fell like a shower of precious stones, and lay
Reflected upon marble; these were crown'd
With blushing flowers, fresh, and glittering yet
With diamond rain drops. On the crimson ground
A shining volume, clasp'd with gold and jet,
And broken petals of a passion flow'r,
Lay by the lady of this silent bow'r.
Her rippling hair fell from a pearly round
That strove to clasp its billowy curls: the light
Hung like a glory on their waves of gold.
Her velvet robe, in many a violet fold,
Like the dark pansy's downy leaf, was bound
With a gold zone, and clasp'd with jewels bright,
That glow'd and glanc'd as with a magic flame
Whene'er her measur'd breathing stirr'd her frame.
Upon her breast and shoulders lay a veil,
Of curious needle-work, as pure and pale
As a fine web of ivory, wrought with care,
Through which her snowy skin show'd smooth and fair.

Upon the hand that propp'd her drooping head,
A precious emerald, like a fairy well,
Gleam'd with dark solemn lustre; a rich thread
Of rare round pearls—such as old legends tell
Th' Egyptian queen pledg'd to her Roman lord,
When in her cup a kingdom's price she pour'd,—
Circled each soft white arm. A painter well
Might have been glad to look upon her face,
For it was full of beauty, truth, and grace;
And from her lustrous eyes her spirit shone
Serene, and strong, and still, as from a throne.

Friday, 11th.

A break. Found —— in the breakfast room. The morning was very unpropitious, but I settled to ride at one, if it was tolerably fine then. He remained pottering a long time: when he was gone, practised, habited, went in for a few minutes to Mrs. ——. At one the horses came, but mine was brought without a stirrup, so we had to wait, Lord knows how long, till the blundering groom had ridden back for it. At length we mounted. "Handsome is that handsome does," is verity; and therefore, pretty as was my steed, I wished its good looks and itself at the devil, before I was half way down Chestnut street. It pranced, and danced, and backed me once right upon the pavement. We took the Laurel Hill road. The day was the perfection of gloom—the road six inches deep in heavy mud. We walked the whole way out: my father got the cramp, and lost his temper. At Laurel Hill we dismounted, and walked down to the river side. How melancholy it all looked: the turbid rhubarby water, the skeleton woods, the grey sky, and far winding away of

the dark rocky shores ; yet it was fine even in this gloom, and wonderfully still. The clouds did not move,—the water had not the faintest ripple,—the trees did not stir a branch ; the most perfect and profound trance seemed to have fallen upon everything. —— and I scrambled down the rocks towards the water, expatiating on the capabilities of this place, which was once a country-seat, and with very little expense might be made a very enchanting as well as a very comfortable residence ; always excepting, of course, the chance of fever and ague during the summer months, when the whole of the banks of the Schuylkill, high and rocky as they are, are considered so unhealthy that the inhabitants are obliged to leave their houses until the winter season, when the country naturally loses half its attractions. At half past three we mounted, and, crossing the river, returned home by a much better road. My horse, however, was decidedly a brute,—pulled my arms to pieces, cantered with the wrong leg foremost, trotted in a sort of scuttling fashion, that rendered it utterly impossible to rise in the stirrups, and instead of walking, jogged the breath out of my body. I was fairly done up when we reached home. Dressed, and dined ; —— dined with us. After dinner went and sat with Mrs. ——. So it seems, Carolina is in a state of convulsion. Reports have arrived that the Nullifiers and Unionists have had a fight in Charleston, and that lives have been lost. "Bide a wee," as the Scotchman says, we talk a good deal on the other side the water of matters that are far enough off ; but as for America, the problem is not yet solved—and this very crisis, (a more important one than has yet occurred in the political existence of this country,) is threatening to slacken the bonds of brotherhood between

the states, and shake the Union to its centre. The interests of the northern states are totally different from, and in some respects opposite to those of the southern ones. * * * * * *

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The tariff question is the point in debate; and the Carolinians have, it seems, threatened to secede from the Union in consequence of the policy pursued with regard to that. I was horrified at Dr. ——'s account of the state of the negroes in the south. To teach a slave to read or write is to incur a penalty either of fine or imprisonment. They form the larger proportion of the population, by far; and so great is the dread of insurrection on the part of the white inhabitants, that they are kept in the most brutish ignorance, and too often treated with the most brutal barbarity, in order to insure their subjection. Oh! what a breaking asunder of old manacles there will be, some of these fine days; what a fearful rising of the black flood; what a sweeping away, as by a torrent, of oppressions and tyrannies; what a fierce and horrible retaliation and revenge for wrong so long endured—so wickedly inflicted. When I came in to tea, at half past eight, found Dr. —— there. * * * * * *

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When he was gone, sang a song or two like a crow in the quinsy. * * * * *

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Wednesday, 12th.

After breakfast went to rehearsal,—after rehearsal went to

——'s. It poured with rain. Came home,—put out things for the theatre,—practised for an hour,—finished letter to ——; wrote journal; dined at three. After dinner went and sat with Mrs. ——. Sang to her all my old Scotch ballads,—read the first act of the Hunchback to her. At half past five went to the theatre. Play, King John; house good: I played horribly. My voice too was tired with my exertions, and cracked most awfully in the midst of "thunder," which was rather bad. *

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I had finished early, and came home in my dress in order to show it to Mrs. ——. She was just gone to bed, but admitted me. * * * * *

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Sat talking to her till my father came home. So "Old Hickory" means to lick the refractory southerns: why they are coming to a civil war! However, the grumblers haven't the means of fighting without emancipating and arming their slaves. That they will not and dare not do; the consequence will be, I suppose, that they will swallow the affront, and submit.

Thursday, 13th.

While dressing, had the pleasure of witnessing from my window a satisfactory sample of the innate benevolence, gentleness, and humanity of our nature. A child of about five years old, dragging a cat by a string tied to its throat round and round a yard, till the poor beast ceased to use its paws, and suffered itself to be trailed along the ground,

after which, the little fiend set his feet upon it, and stamped and kicked it most brutally. The blood came into my face; and though almost too far for hearing, I threw up the sash, and at the top of my voice apostrophized the little wretch with "Hollo there! wicked, naughty boy!" He seemed much puzzled to discover whence this appeal proceeded, but not at all at a loss to apply it, for after looking about with a very conscience-stricken visage, he rushed into the house, dragging his victim with him. I came down fairly sick to breakfast. After despatching it, I put on my bonnet and walked round to the house where this scene had taken place. I inquired for the child, describing his appearance, and he was presently brought to me, when I sat down at the foot of the stairs in the hall, and spent some time in expatiating on the enormity of such proceedings to the little ruffian, who, it seems, has frequently been corrected for similar ferocities before. I fear my preachment will not avail much. Came home, put room to rights, practised for an hour; got ready, and dawdled about most dreadfully, waiting for D——, who had gone out with my father. At half past twelve set off with her to the riding school. It was full of women in long calico skirts, and gay bonnets with flaunting feathers, riding like wretches; some cantering, some trotting, some walking—crossing one another, passing one another in a way that would have filled the soul of Fossard with grief and amazement. I put on a skirt and my riding-cap, and mounted a rough, rugged, besweated white-brown beast, that looked like an old trunk more than anything else, its coat standing literally on end, like "quills upon the fretful porcupine," with heat and ill condition. 'Tis vain attempting to ride like a Christian on these heathen horses,

which are neither broken, bitted, nor bridled properly; and poor dumb *creturs* have no more idea of what a horse ought to be, or how a horse ought to behave, than so many cows. My hair, presently, with the damp and the shaking, became perfectly straight. As I raised my head, after putting it up under my cap, I beheld —— earnestly discoursing to D——. I asked for Tuesday's charger; and the school having by degrees got empty, I managed to become a little better acquainted with its ways and means. 'Tis a pretty little creature, but 'tis not half broken, is horribly ill ridden, and will never be good for anything—what a pity! At two o'clock I dismounted: —— walked home with us. Went in to see Mrs. ——; she seemed a good deal better, I thought,—sat some time with her. Mr. —— has sent me back my book of manuscript music: played and sang half through it. Came to my room; tried on dresses for Lady Macbeth, and the Wonder, and dressed for dinner. My father dined out. After dinner went in to see Mrs. ——. Sat some time with her mother, her chicks, and her young doctor of a cousin, who is quite a civilized mortal. Poor Mrs. —— was too ill to see me. Came to the drawing-room, wrote journal, played and sang till tea time. After tea read the history of Knickerbocker, whereat I was like to have died, through the greate merrimente its rare and excellente pleasantries did cause in me, insomuche that I lay on the sofa screaming, very much like one lunaticke.

Friday, 14th.

After breakfast put out things for the theatre. Practised for an hour, read and marked the Comedy of Errors,

which is really great fun ; perhaps not funnier than Amphytrion, but the subject is more agreeable a good deal. Read a canto in Dante ; got ready for the riding school : found —— and Mr. —— in the drawing-room. As we were going out, the gentlemen did not remain long. When they were gone, D—— and I set off for the riding school. We were hardly there, before —— made his appearance : I wonder what he'll do for an *interest*, by the bye, when we are gone. * * * * *

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The school was quite empty, so we had it all to ourselves. D—— mounted up upon a detestable shambling brute, that wouldn't go *no how*. I had a fancy for making my little fiery charger leap over the bar, and made Mr. —— put it down for me. The beast had no idea of such saltatory proceedings, and jerked himself over it three times most abominably. The fourth time I pushed him at it, he jumped, and I jumped, too, out of the saddle on to my feet, having lighted down very comfortably at the horse's head with the reins in my hand, neither hurt nor frightened. This is the first time a horse ever had me off. I got on again, but declined leaping any more. At a quarter to three we returned home. —— walked with us. At the corner of Sansom street, met young ——. Heaven bless —— from a challenge ! Came home—dined : after dinner went in and sat with Mrs. —— till coffee time. Showed her my dresses, and read her a scene or two of the Hunchback. Went to the theatre at half past five. Play, the Hunchback—the house was literally crammed. I played very well, except being out in my town scene—an unwonted occurrence with me. After the play, came

home, supped, and read the Wonder,—which I thought wondrous dull.

Saturday, 15th.

If I were to write a history of Philadelphia, according to the profound spirit of investigation for which modern tourists are remarkable, I should say that it was a peculiarity belonging to its climate, that Saturday is invariably a wet day. At twelve went to rehearsal, after putting out things for the theatre. Had a long talk with Mr. —— about Pasta, the divine,—the only reality that ever I beheld that was as fair, as grand, as glorious as an imaginary being. Shall I ever forget that woman in Medea? I am thankful I have seen her. After rehearsal called at Mr. ——'s. Saw and carried off his head of me in Juliet. Certainly the resemblance between myself and Mrs. Siddons must be very strong; for this painting might almost have been taken for a copy of Harlowe's sketch of my aunt in Lady Macbeth: 'tis very strange and unaccountable. Came home; wrote journal—went and sat with Mrs. —— till dinner time. After dinner went and sat with her again till coffee time. Was introduced to Dr. ——, whom I liked very much. * *

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Showed her my dress and my bracelets. Had a long discussion about the precedence of one lady before another among the nobility of European courts, whereat her republican pride seemed highly offended. If Clay *did*, as Dr. —— describes, pass before titled men, at a dinner in England, with his hands in his breeches' pockets, it only

follows thence, that he was really ill-bred, and would be thought vulgar if he did it unwittingly, and absurd if he did it intentionally. Went to the theatre at half past five. The house was wonderful considering the weather: the play was Fazio. I played pretty well—my dress was *splendid.*

Sunday, 16th.

Had only time to swallow a mouthful of breakfast, and off to church; where I heard about as thorough a cock and bull sermon as ever I hope to be edified withal. What shameful nonsense the man talked! and all the time pretending to tell us what God had done, what he was doing, and what he intended to do next, as if he went up into heaven and saw what was going on there, every five minutes. Came home; sat with Mrs. —— for a long time: I am very fond of her. * * *

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Came to my own room, and studied Violante till dinner time. How tiresome this pointless prose is to batter into one's head. After dinner went and sat with Mrs. —— till near tea time, when I came to the drawing-room. Presently Mr. —— and Mr. —— called, also Dr. ——. I went to my father's room to apprize him of this invasion of the Goths, and found him very unwell, and labouring under a severe cold. He would not come down; so D—— and I had to entertain these interesting youths what fashion we best might. She gave them tea, and I gave them music, till half past ten, when they departed.

Monday, 17th.

It poured with rain like the very mischief: a sort of continual gushing down from the clouds, combining all the vehemence of a thunder shower, with all the pertinacity of one of our own November drizzles—delightful! Went to rehearse Macbeth. Had a delightful palaver with Mr. ——, who knows all the music that ever was writ, and all the singers that ever sang, and worships Pasta as I do. Came home; put out things for the theatre: dined at three. After dinner went and sat with Mrs. —— till coffee time. At half past five went to the theatre. In spite of the rain, the house was very full; and in all my life I never saw so large an assembly of people so perfectly and breathlessly still as they were during several of our scenes. I played like a very clever girl as I am; but it was about as much like Lady Macbeth, as the Great Mogul. My father laboured his part too much.

Tuesday, 18th.

Received letters; one from dear ——, and one from ——. They did, as letters from England always do by me, threw me into a perfect nervous fever. * *

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After breakfast went to rehearse the Wonder. Called in on my way on Mr. ——*, who is painting a portrait of my father. Saw one or two lovely women's pictures. I wish he would go to England; I think it would answer his purpose very well. At two went to the riding-school: rode till half past three. The day was bitter cold, with a

* Probably Sully, who painted several portraits of her father, and later of her as Victoria

piercing wicked wind riding through the grey sky. D—— and I walked to pay sundry calls. Met ——, whom we had not seen for two or three days—a most unusual circumstance. He walked home with us. D—— and I dined tête-à-tête. On returning home I found a most lovely nosegay of real, delicious, fragrant flowers. Sweet crimson buds of the faint breathing monthly rose; bright, vivid, dark green myrtle; the honey Daphne Odora, with its clusters of pinkey-white blossoms; and the delicate bells of the tall white jasmine,—all sweet, and living, and fresh, as at midsummer: I was blissful! After dinner I went in to Mrs. ——. Came back to the drawing-room. ——, who had taken the hint about our being alone in the evening, came in. I began making him sing, and taught him the Leaf and the Fountain: his voice sounded like when we were nearer home. *

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Presently Mr. —— was announced. He was the author of the flowers. * * * * *

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Wednesday, 19th.

After breakfast —— called. * * *

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Went to rehearsal,—afterwards to the riding-school. The school was quite empty, and I alone. The boy brought me my horse and I mounted by means of a chair. As I was cantering along, amusing myself with cogitations various, —— came in. He stayed the whole time I rode.

I settled with him about riding to-morrow, and came home to dinner. After dinner went in to see Mrs. ——. Dr. —— was there, who is a remarkably nice man. She is a very delightful person, with a great deal of intellect and a wonderful quantity of fortitude and piety, and a total absence of knowledge of the world, except through books.

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Her children enchant me, and her care of them enchants me, too. She is an excellent person, with a heart overflowing with the very best affections our nature is capable of, fulfilled, I think, to the uttermost. * *

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Stayed with her till time to go to the theatre. The house was very full: the play was the Wonder—my first time of acting Violante. My dress was not finished till the very last moment,—and then, oh, horror! was so small that I could not get into it. It had to be pinned upon me; and thus bebundled, with the dread of cracking my boddice from top to bottom every time I moved, and the utter impossibility of drawing my breath, from the narrow dimensions into which it squeezed me, I went on to play a new part. The consequence was that I acted infamously, and for the first time in my life was horribly imperfect—out myself, and putting every body else out. Between every scene my unlucky gown had to be pinned together; and in the laughing scene, it took the hint from my admirable performance, and facetiously grinned in an ecstacy of amusement till it was fairly open behind, displaying, I suppose, the lacing of my stays, like so many teeth, to the admiring gaze of the audience; for, as I was perfectly

ignorant of the circumstance, with my usual easy *nonchalance*, I persisted in turning my back to the folk, in spite of all my father's pulls and pushes, which, as I did not comprehend, I did not by any means second either. —— was at the play, also Dr. ——, also Henry Clay, who was received with cheers and plaudits manifold. Came home in my dress, and went in to show it to Mrs. —— and her mother, who were both in bed, but marvellously edified by my appearance.

Thursday, 20th.

The day was beautifully brilliant, clear, and cold—winter, but winter in dazzling array of sunshine and crystal; blue skies, with light feathery streaks of white clouds running through them; dry, crisp, hard roads, with the delicate rime tipping all the ruts with sparkling jewellery; and the waters fresh, and bright, and curling under the keen breath of the arrow-like wind. After breakfast —— called. Walked out with him to get a cap and whip for D——. The latter he insisted on making her a present of, and a very pretty one indeed it was, with a delicate ivory handle, and a charming persuading lash. Went in for a short time to Mrs. ——, who entertained herself with letting all my hair down about my ears, and pulling it all manner of ways. At twelve habited, and helped to equip dear D——, who really looked exceedingly nice in her jockey habiliments. Went to the school, where we found —— waiting for us. Mounted, and set forth. We rode out to Laurel Hill. The road was not very good, but no mud; and the warm, gleesome sunlight fell mellowly over the lovely undulations of the land, with their patches of green

cedar trees, and threadbare cloak of leafless woods, through which the little birds were careering merrily, as the reviving sunshine came glowingly down upon the world, like a warm blessing. Passed that bright youth, Mr. ——, on the road, riding very like an ass on horseback. When we reached Laurel Hill, we dismounted, tied up the horses, slacked their girths, and walked first up to that interesting wooden monument, where I inscribed my initials on our first ride thither. Afterwards, —— and I scrambled down the rocks to the river side, which D—— declined doing, '*cause vy?*—she'd have had to climb up again. The water was like a broad dazzling river of light, and had a beautiful effect, winding away in brightness that the eye could scarce endure, between its banks, which, contrasted by the sunny stream, and blue transparent sky, appeared perfectly black. As I bent over a fine *bluff*, (as they here call any mass of rock standing isolated,) I espied below me a natural rocky arch, overhanging the river, all glittering with pure long diamond icicles. Thither —— convoyed me, and broke off one of these wintry gems for me. It measured about two feet long, and was as thick at the root as my wrist. I never saw anything so beautiful as these pendant adornments of the silver-fingered ice god. Toiled up to the house again, where, after brushing our habits, we remounted our chargers, and came home. The river was most beautiful towards the bridge that they are building; the unfinished piers of which have a very pretty effect, almost resembling their very opposite, a ruin. The thin, pale vapour of the steam engine, employed in some of the works, rising from the blue water, and rolling its graceful waves far along the dark rocky shore, had a lovely fairy-like look,

which even drew forth the admiration of ——, who, from sundry expressions which have occasionally fallen from him, I suspect to be rather well endowed with ideality. Reached home at half past four. My father dined out. It was past ——'s dinner time; so we invited him to stay and dine with us. After dinner we fell somehow or another into a profound theological discussion; —— suddenly proposing for my solution the mysterious doctrine of the inherent sin of our nature, and its accompanying doom, death,—inherited from one man's sin, and one man's punishment. I am not fond of discoursing upon these subjects. 'Tis long since I have arrived at the conviction that the less we suffer our thoughts to dwell upon what is vague and mysterious in our most mysterious faith, and the more we confine our attention and our efforts to that part of it which is practical and clear as the noon day, the better it will be for our minds here, and our souls hereafter. Surely they are not wise who seek to penetrate the unfathomed counsels of God, whilst their own natures, moral, mental, nay, even physical, have depths beyond the sounding of their plummet line. —— spoke in perfect sincerity and simplicity of the difficulty he found in believing that which was so "hard a saying;" and as there was not the slightest particle of levity or ridicule in his manner, I spoke as earnestly as I felt and always feel upon this subject,—very strenuously advising him not to strain his comprehension upon matters which baffle human endeavour, which, after all our wanderings and weary explorings, still lead us back to the wide boundless waste of uncertainty; concluding by exhorting him to read his Bible, say his prayers, and go to church if he could,—or, if he could not, at all events to be as

good as he could. While we were at tea, young —— and Dr. —— came in. They put me down to the piano, and I continued to sing until past eleven o'clock, when, somebody looking at a watch, there was a universal exclamation of surprise, the piano was shut down, the candles put out, the gentlemen vanished, and I came to bed.

WINTER.

I saw him on his throne, far in the north,
Him ye call Winter, picturing him ever
An aged man, whose frame, with palsied shiver,
Bends o'er the fiery element, his foe.
But him I saw was a young god, whose brow
Was crown'd with jagged icicles, and forth
From his keen spirit-like eyes there shone a light,
Broad, glaring, and intensely cold and bright.
His breath, like sharp-edged arrows, pierc'd the air;
The naked earth crouch'd shuddering at his feet;
His finger on all murmuring waters sweet
Lay icily,—motion nor sound was there;
Nature seemed frozen—dead; and still and slow
A winding-sheet fell o'er her features fair,
Flaky and white, from his wide wings of snow.

I am sorry to find that I must skip Friday and Saturday, thereby omitting an account of an interesting ball at Mrs. ——'s, where the floors were duly chalked, the music very good, the women very lovely, and where I fell in again with my dear kinsman, whom I love devotedly, and whom I jumped half across a quadrille to greet with extended hands, which must greatly have edified the whole assembly. Likewise I must skip a most interesting account of a second polemical conversation with ——; in

the course of which, to my great amazement, he managed to introduce a most vehement abuse of Dr. ——, whose admiration of my singing appears to have troubled him fully as much as the doctrine of original sin,—together with many other things worthy of note, which shall now die in oblivion, and the times return unenlightened to their graves. (Was this Butler's first manifestation of jealousy? It was a fiery prelude.)

Sunday, 23d.

Was only dressed in time to swallow two mouthfuls of breakfast, and get ready for church. —— came to know at what time we would ride, and walked with us to the church door. * * * * *

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After church, came home,—habited; went and sat with Mrs. —— till half past one. The villanous servants did not think fit to announce the horses till they had been at the door full half an hour, so that when we started it was near two o'clock. D—— seemed quite at her ease upon her gangling charger, and I had gotten up upon Mr. ——'s big horse to see what I could make of him. The day was beautifully bright and clear, with a warm blessed sunshine causing the wintry world to smile. We had proceeded more than half way to Laurel Hill without event, when, driving my heavy-shouldered brute at a bank, instead of lifting up his feet, he thought fit to stumble, fall, and fling me very comfortably off upon the mound. I sprang up neither hurt nor frightened, shook my habit, tightened my girths, and mounted again; when we set off, much refreshed by this little incident, which occasioned a

world of mirth and many saucy speeches from my companions to me. At Laurel Hill the master of the house came bowing forth with the utmost courteousness to meet me, expressing his profound sense of the honour I did him in deigning to inhale the air around his abode, and his unspeakable anguish at having been absent, when I had so far condescended before. He was a foreigner—French or Italian, or *such like*,—which accounts for his civility. Had the horses taken to the stable, and their girths slackened. D*all* kept the heights, and —— and I ran, slipped, slid, and scrambled down to the water's edge. The river was frozen over, not, however, strongly enough to bear much, and every jutting rock was hung with pure glittering icicles that shone like jewels in the bright sunshine. Far down the river all was still and lonely, and bright, yet wintry-looking. The flow of the water, and its plashing music were still; there was no breath of wind stirring the leafless boughs; the sunlight came down, warm and dazzling upon the silent sparkling world, all clad in its shimmering ice robe; the air was transparent and clear, and the whole scene was perfectly lovely. Turning to reascend the rocks, I called aloud to D*all*, and the distinctest, loudest echo answered me. So perfect was the reflection of the sound, that at first I thought some one was mocking me. I ran up a scale as loud, and high, and rapid as I could, and from among the sunny fields, a voice repeated the threaded notes as clearly, as rapidly, only more softly, with a distinctness that was startling. I never heard an echo that repeated so much of what was sung or said. I stood in perfect enchantment exercising my voice, and provoking the hidden voice of the air, who answered me with a far off tone, that seemed

as though the mocking spirit fled along the hill tops, repeating my notes with a sweet gleeful tone, that filled me with delight. Oh, what must savages think an echo is? How many, many lovely and wild imaginations are suggested by that which natural philosophers analyze into mere conformations of earth, and undulations of air. At length we joined D—all, and walked to the house, where presently appeared the master of the mansion, with cakes, wine, cordial, preserves, or, as Comus hath it, "a table covered with all manner of deliciousness." I was at first a little puzzled by the epithet *cordial* applied to three goodly-looking *decanters*, full of rosy and golden liquor, and which —— informed me is the invariable refreshment presented to visitors of both sexes who ride or drive up to Laurel Hill. To satisfy my curiosity, I put my lips to some of it, which proved to be no other than liqueur, an indifferent sort of noyau—that which soberest folks in England take but a thimble full of after dinner, by way of *chasse cafè*, and drunkenest folk would be ashamed to touch in the morning. It seems that it is otherwise here; and indeed, generally speaking, Americans swallow much more of all sorts of spirituous nauseousness, than we do in our country. The men take brandy, in a way that would astound people of any respectability in England, and in this, as well as many other ways, contribute to assist the enervating effects of their climate.* Our host waited himself most attentively upon us, and refused all species of remuneration save thanks, which, indeed he said he owed

* The time of locking of doors at gentlemen's dinner parties, and drinking till the company dropped one by one under the table, has, with the equally disgusting habit of spitting about the

me for so far honouring him as to stuff his cakes, and drink his wine. We mounted again, being refreshed, and

floors, long vanished in England before a more rational hospitality, and a better understanding of the very first rule of good breeding, not to do that which is to offend others. Spirituous liquors are the fashion alone among the numerous frequenters of the gin palaces of Holborn, and St. Giles'; even the old fashioned favourites of our country gentlemen, port, madeira, and sherry, are found too heavy and strongly flavoured for the palate of our modern exquisites,—and the fragrant and delicate wines of Burgundy, Bordeaux, the Rhine, and its tributary streams, are the wines now preferred before all others, by persons of refined taste and moderate indulgence. This in itself is a great improvement; the gross desire of excitement by a quantity of powerful stimulants, has given place to a temperate enjoyment of things, in themselves certainly the most excellent in the world. Wine drinking in England is become altogether a species of *dillettante* taste, instead of the disgusting excess it used to be; it is indulged in with extreme moderation,—and so much have all coarse and thick-blooded drinks gone out of fashion, that even liqueurs are very seldom taken after coffee but by foreigners. Our gentlemen have learnt to consider hard and gross drinking ungentlemanly. I wish I could say the same of American gentlemen. The quantity and the quality of their potations are as destructive of everything like refinement of palate, as detrimental to their health. Americans are, generally speaking, the very worst judges of wine in the world, always excepting Madeira, which they have in great perfection, and is the only wine of which they are tolerable judges. One reason of their ignorance upon this subject, is the extremely indifferent quality of the foreign wines imported here, and still more powerful reason, is the total loss of all niceness of taste consequent upon their continual swallowing of mint julaps, gin slings, brandy cocktails, and a thousand strong messes which they take *even before breakfast*, and indifferently at all hours of the day,—a practice as gross in taste, as injurious to health. Burgundy I have

taking leave of this pearl of innkeepers, continued our ride along the banks of the Schuylkill, until we came to

never seen at an American table;—I believe it will not stand the sea-voyage. Claret they have now in very great perfection, thanks to Mr. ——, who has introduced it among them, and deserves to be considered a public benefactor therefore. Hock is, generally speaking, utterly undrinkable, and champagne (the only foreign wine of which they seem generally fond) though some of a good quality is occasionally presented to you, is for the most part a very nauseous compound, in which sugar is the only perceptible flavour. Although the American gentlemen do not indeed lock the doors upon their guests, they have two habits equally fatal to their sobriety, of which I have heard several Englishmen complain bitterly. The one is mixing their wines in a most unorthodox manner, equally distressing to the palate, and the stomach; i. e., giving you to drink by turns, after dinner, claret, madeira, sherry, hock, champagne, all and each of which you are pressed to take as specimens of excellence in their various ways, forming altogether a vinous hotch-potch, which confounds alike the taste and the brain. The second ordeal to which the sobriety of Englishmen dining out here is exposed, is at the close of all these various libations,—which of course last some time,—an instantaneous removal from the dinner to the supper-table, where strong *whisky punch* effectually *finishes* the wits of their guests, and sends them home to repent for two days the excess of a few hours. Perhaps, when the real meaning of the word *society* becomes better understood in this country, absurd display and disgusting intemperance will no more be resorted to as its necessary accompaniments, but of course, the *real* material of which society should be formed, must increase a little first. I have been told the women in this country drink. I never saw but one circumstance which would lead me to believe the assertion. At the baths in New York one day, I saw the girl who was waiting upon the rooms, carry mint julaps (a preparation of mint, sugar, and brandy,) into three of them. I was much

Manayunk, a manufacturing place, where they create cottons, and which has the additional advantage of being most lovelily situated upon the banks of the river, backed by rocky heights, where the cedar bushes, with their rich dark tufts, and the fine bold masses of grey granite, together with a hundred little water-courses, now hanging from every ridge they used to flow over in brilliant ice pendants, had a most beautiful effect. It was getting late, however, and we pushed on to the bridge; but lo! when we reached it, it was under repair and impassable. What was to be done?—the sun had withdrawn his warm rays from the heavens,—the lower earth was shadowy and dark,—a rich

surprised, and asked her if this was a piece of service she often performed for the ladies who visited the baths?—she said "Yes, pretty often." Bar-rooms are annexed to every species of public building,—in the theatres, in the hotels, in the bath-houses, on board the steam-boats,—and there are even temporary buildings which serve this purpose, erected at certain distances along the rail-roads. Though the gentlemen drink more than any other *gentlemen*, the lower orders here are more temperate than with us. The appearance of a drunken man in the streets is comparatively rare here; and certainly Sunday is not, as with us, the appointed day for this disgusting vice among the lower classes here. Fortunately, most fortunately, it is not with them as with us, the only day on which the poor have rest, or drunkenness the only substitute they can find for every other necessary or comfort of life. Our poor are indeed intemperate. Alas! that vice of theirs will surely be visited on others; for it is the offspring of their misery. The effects of habitual intemperance in this country are lamentably visible in many young men of respectable stations, and easy circumstances; and it is by no means uncommon to hear of young gentlemen—persons who rank as such here,—destroying their health, their faculties, and eventually their lives, at a most untimely age, by this debasing habit.

orange light hung over the brow of the ridge of hills on the opposite side of the river, whose current, rapid and strong, flowed darkly between beautiful slabs of granite which lay in its path, and round which the water hurried angrily. What was to be done? To turn back was disheartening,—to go on for the chance of a bridge was also to run the chance of being utterly benighted in paths we knew nothing of, and on horses which were anything but safe. However, my evident inclination to the latter course prevailed with my companions. We crossed a narrow bridge, and pursued a sort of tow-path between the canal and the river. The glimmering daylight was fading fast from the sky, and the opposite shores of the river were losing their distinctness of outline, when, from between two beautiful bold masses of rock, which overhung its entrance, the wooden bridge appeared. I should like to have lingered in this spot till nightfall, but this was by no means the bargain, either with my fellow-travellers or my horse. So on we went over the bridge, and, turning to the left, pursued the river's side,—now, close down to its gushing fretful waters, hurrying from between the rocky impediments of their path,—now high above its course, in the midst of woods growing to the very edge of the precipitous bank, with rocky ridges rising again above us, crowned with the black-looking tufts of the cedar, jagged with icicles, and from which descended, at every ten yards, a trickling rill, which, smoothed over by the glassy ice, rendered our horses' footing, particularly in the twilight, very insecure. We were *in for it;* and when that is the case, 'tis vain making lamentations, or piteous retrospections: I therefore pushed on, with as much care as I could, of Mr. ——'s tumble-down charger, whose headlong mo-

tion kept me in agonies, leaving —— to take care of dear D——, whose bones I feared would ache for this adventure most bitterly. The road was perfectly beautiful. Broad masses of shadowy clouds hung in the sky, and were reflected in the waters, together with the pale delicate grey of evening, and the last amber tinge of sunset. We did not reach Philadelphia till it was perfectly dark. To add to my consternation too, when we asked —— to dine with us, he said that he had an engagement, for which I began to fear this ill-starred ride would have kept him too late. * * * * *

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I came up to my own room, changed my clothes and went in to see Mrs. ——. * * * *

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She was completely overpowered with laudanum. Her head was declined upon a chair. * * *

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She looked very lovely, with her beautiful head bowed, and her dark eyelashes lying on her wan cheeks. Her features were contracted with suffering. I sat watching her with much heartfelt sadness and interest. I was summoned away, however, to see some gentlemen who were in the drawing-room, whither I adjourned, and where I found Mr. ——, and Dr. ——. I was stupid and sleepy: and the gentlemen had the charity not to keep me up, or make me sing.

Monday, 24th, Christmas Eve.

After breakfast, put out clothes for to-night. When I came down, found —— in the drawing-room with my father: paid him his bill, and pottered an immensity. Went to rehearsal,—afterwards paid all manner of cards with poor dear D——, who puffed and panted through the streets in order not to freeze me, which, however, she did not escape. * * * * *

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After dinner went and sat with my poor invalid, whom, in spite of her republicanism, I am greatly inclined to like and admire. Remained with her till coffee-time. Went to the theatre: the play was the Merchant of Venice,—my favourite part, Portia. The house was very full: I played so-soish. * * * * *

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Tuesday, 25th, Christmas Day.

I wish you a merry Christmas, poor child! away from home and friends. Truly, the curse of the old Scriptures has come upon me; my lovers and my acquaintance are far off from me. After breakfast practised for an hour; went and saw Mrs. ——; drove out shopping; saw —— walking with my father. Came home, and wrote journal: went out with D——; bought a rocking-horse for Mrs. ——'s chicks, whose merry voices I shall miss most horribly by and by. Dragged it in to them in the midst of

their dinner. Dined at three. After dinner went and sat with her till coffee-time. When I came into the drawing-room, found a beautiful work-box sent me by that very youthful admirer of mine, Mr. ——. I was a little annoyed at this, but still more so at my father's desiring me to return it to him, which I know will be a terrible mortification to him. Went to the theatre: the house was crammed with men, and very noisy,—a Christmas audience. Play, Macbeth: I only played so-so. Oh, me! these marks in the stream of time, over which it breaks as over a dam, drawing our attention, which, without them would even less often note its rapid, rapid current! They do but become halting posts for our souls, round which gather the memories of days and hours escaped and gone from us for ever.† * * * *

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† There is a species of home religion, so to speak, which is kept alive by the gathering together of families at stated periods of joy and festivity, which has a far deeper moral than most people imagine. The merry-making at Christmas, the watching out the old year, and in the new,—the royalty of Twelfth-night,—the keeping of birth-days, and anniversaries of weddings, are things, which, to the worldly-wise in these wise times, may savour of childishness or superstition, but they tend to promote and keep alive some of the sweetest charities, and kindliest sympathies of our poor nature. While we are yet children, these days are set in golden letters in the calendar, long looked forward to,—enjoyed with unmixed delight,—the peculiar seasons of new frocks, new books, new toys, drinking of healths, bestowing of blessings and wishes by kindred and parents, and being brought into the notice of our elders, and, as children used to think in the dark ages, therefore their betters. To the older portion of the com-

Wednesday, 26th.

After breakfast put out things for theatre. When I came down to the drawing-room, I found a middle-aged gentle-

munity, such times were times of many mingled emotions, all, all of a softening if not of so exhilarating a nature. The cares, the toils of the world had become their portion,—some little of its coldness, its selfishness, and sad guardedness had crept upon them,—distance and various interests, and the weary works of life had engrossed their thoughts, and turned their hearts and their feet from the dear household paths, and the early fellowship of home; but at these seasons the world was in its turn pushed aside for a moment,—the old thresholds were crossed by those who had ceased to dwell in the house of their birth,—kindred and friends met again, as in the early days of childhood and youth, under the same roof-tree,—the nursery revel, and the school-day jubilee, was recalled to their thoughts by the joyful voices and faces of a new generation,—the blessed and holy influences of home flowed back into their souls, at such a time, by a thousand channels,—the heart was warmed with the kind old love and fellowship,—face brightened to kindred face, and hand grasped the hand where the same blood was flowing, and all the evil deeds of time seemed for a while retrieved. These were holy and happy seasons. Oh, England! dear, dear England! this sweet, sacred worship, next to that of God the highest and purest, was long cherished in your soil, where the word home was surely more hallowed than any other save Heaven. Far, far off be the day when a cold and narrow spirit shall quench in you these dear and good human yearnings, and make the consecrated earth around our door-stones as barren as the wide wilderness of life in strange lands. In this country I have been mournfully struck with the absence of everything like this home-clinging. Here are comparatively no observances of tides and times. Christmas day is no religious day, and hardly a holiday with them: New-year's day is perhaps a little, but only a little more so. For Twelfth-day, it is unknown; and the household private festivals of birth-

man of very respectable appearance sitting with my father. He rose on my coming in, and after bowing to me, continued his discourse to my father thus—"Yes, sir, yes; you will find as I tell you, sir, the winter is our profitable theatrical season, sir; so that if anything should take you to England, you can return again at the beginning of next fall." I modestly withdrew to another end of the room, supposing they were engaged upon business. But my curiosity was presently attracted by the continuation of his discourse. "And recollect, sir, and this lady, your daughter, too, if you please; that what I have said must not on any account be repeated out of this room. I am myself going immediately to England, and from thence direct to *Jerusalem!*" I stared. "There, sir, is my real name, ——; the card I sent up to you is not my real name. You see, sir, I am an Irishman, that is to say, in fact, I am really a Jew. *I am one of those of the tribe of Ephraim who refused to cross the Red Sea: we were not to be humbugged by that damned fellow, Moses—no,*

days are almost universally passed by unsevered from the rest of the toilsome days devoted to the curse of labour. Indeed, the young American leaves so soon the shelter of his home, the world so early becomes to him a home, that the happy and powerful influences and associations of that word to him are hardly known. Sent forth to earn his existence at the very opening time of mind and heart, like a young green-house plant just budding, that, should be thrust out into the colder air, the blight of worldliness, of coldness, and of care, drive in the coming blossoms; and if the tree lives, half its loveliness and half its *usefulness* are shorn from it. These are some of the consequences of the universal doom of Americans, to labour for their bread: there are others and better ones.

sir, we were not!" Here my heart jumped into my throat, and my eyes nearly out of my head with fright and amazement. "Well," continued the poor madman, "I suppose I may deliver this to the young lady herself;" giving me a small parcel which I took from him as if I thought it would explode and blow me up. "And now, sir, farewell. Remember, remember my words,—in three years, perhaps, but *certainly* in ten, *He* that will come, *will come*, and its all up with the world, and the children of men!" This most awful announcement was accompanied with a snap of his fingers, and a demi-pirouette. He was then rushing out of the room, leaving his cloak behind him. My father called him back to give it him. He bundled himself into it, exclaimed "God bless you both! God bless you both!—remember what I have said requires the profoundest secrecy, as you perceive," and darted out of the room, leaving my father and myself with eyes and mouth wide open, gaping in speechless astonishment. At last I bethought me of opening the little packet the madman had left me. It was a small box, on the cover of which was written, To Miss Kemble, with the compliments of St. George. I then recollected that some time past, I had received some verses, in which love and religion were very crazily blended, signed St. George. But, as I am abundantly furnished with epistles of this sort, I had flung them aside, merely concluding the writer to be gone a short way from his wits. The box contained a most beautiful and curious ornament, something like a Sevigne, highly wrought in gold and enamel, and evidently very costly. I was more confounded than ever, and did not recover from my amazement and fright for a long time. I went in to Mrs. —— to tell her the event. Thence we

began talking about young ——'s box ; and upon her advice I again spoke to my father, and obtained his leave not to send it back ; so I indited him a thankful epistle. Practised for a short time, and then went to the riding-school. It was quite empty : I put on my cap and skirt, and was sitting thinking of many things, in the little dressing-room, when I heard the school door open, and Mr. —— walked straight up to me. * * *

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Dr. —— called to-day. I was quite glad to see him : he gave me all the New York news, and brought with him, a gentleman, a friend of his, who nearly made me sick, by very deliberately spitting upon the carpet. Mercy on me ! I thought I should have jumped off my chair, I was so disgusted. Mr. ——, too, does this constantly. *

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After dinner went and sat with Mrs. —— ; was called away to see Mr. ——, whom I thanked for his present.

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Went to the theatre at half past five. The house was very fair, considering the weather, which was very foul. Play, School for Scandal. They none of them knew their parts, or remembered their business—delightful people, indeed ! I played only so-so. —— supped with us. He is a very gentlemanly, nice person, and I am told he is extremely amiable. * * *

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He told me sundry steam-boat stories that made my blood

curdle; such as, a public brush, a public comb, and a public *tooth brush.* Also, of a gentleman who was using his own tooth brush, a man who was standing near him said, "I'll trouble you for that article when you've done with it." When he had done with it, the gentleman presented it to him, and on receiving it again, immediately threw it into the river, to the infinite amazement of the borrower, who only exclaimed, "Well, however, you're a queer fellow."*

Thursday, 27th.

After breakfast went to rehearsal. Katharine and Petruchio. After rehearsal went to the riding-school. It was quite empty, except of Mr. ——, and Mr. ——. *

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Came home: found a letter to me from that strange madman. On opening it, it proved a mere envelope, containing a visiting card with the name St. George upon it. After dinner, wrote journal; went and sat with Mrs. —— till coffee-time. I have had a most dreadful side ache all day. * * * * * *

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At half past five went to the theatre. Play, Much Ado about Nothing; farce, Katharine and Petruchio. *

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* This happened on board a *western* steam-boat, I beg to observe, if it happened at all.

At the end I was so tired, and so overcome with the side ache, that I lay down on the floor perfectly done up.

Friday, 28th.

After breakfast —— called. Settled to ride, if possible, to-morrow. I would give the world for a good shaking. I'm dying of the blue devils: I have no power to rouse myself. * * * * * *

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When —— was gone, sat down to practise. Tried Mrs. Hemans' Messenger Bird, but the words were too solemn, and too sad: I sobbed instead of singing, and was a little relieved. Went in to see Mrs. ——. She seemed better; she was *en toilette*, in a delicate white wrapper, with her fine hair twisted up round her classical head. She is a beautiful person; she is better—an amiable, a sensible, and a pious one; I am very deeply interested by her; I like her extremely. At half past one went to the riding-school. I met there a daughter of old Lady ——'s, who introduced herself to me, and asked leave to stay and see me ride, which leave I gave her. The bay pony is, however, fairly ruined. A little wretch not twelve years old, had just been riding it: it had fallen from all its paces, and went so lame that I gave up riding, and sat disconsolately enough in the little dressing-closet, looking through a window six inches square, at the blessed mild blue heavens, and longing for wings, till my soul was like to faint.

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After dinner wrote journal. Went in and sat with Mrs.

——. By the by, that worthy youth, Mr. ——, dined with us. I got rid of some of my vapours by sundry hearty laughs at him. I am sorry to leave Philadelphia on Mrs. ——'s account. I am growing to her. Oh, Lord! how soon, how soon we do this!—how we do cling to everything in spite of the pitiless wrenches of time and chance! Her dear babies are delightful to me; their laughing voices have power to excite and make me happy,—and when they come dancing to meet me, my heart warms very fondly towards them. * *

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She amuses me much by her intense anxiety that I should be married. First, she wishes —— would propose to me,—then she thinks Mr. ——'s estates in Cuba would be highly acceptable; in short, my single blessedness seems greatly to annoy her, and I believe she attributes everything evil in life to that same. She seemed surprised, and a little shocked, when I said I would accept death most thankfully in preference to the happiest lot in life,—and so I would—I would.—Yet death ——. 'Tis strange, that Messenger Bird threw more than a passing gloom over me. If the dead do indeed behold those whom they have loved, with loving eyes and fond remembrance, do not the sorrows, the weariness, the toiling, the despairing of those dear ones rise even into the abodes of peace, and wring the souls of those who thence look down upon the earth, and see the wo and anguish suffered here? Or, if they do not feel,—if, freed from this mortal coil, they forget all they have suffered, all that we yet endure, oh! then what fourfold trash is human love! what vain and miserable straws are all the deep, the dear, the grasping

affections twined in our hearts' fibres,—mingled with our blood!—how poor are all things—how beggarly is life. Oh, to think that while we yet are bowed in agony and mourning over the dead,—while our bereaved hearts are aching, and our straining eyes looking to that heaven, beyond which we think they yet may hear our cries, they yet may see our anguish, the dead, the loved, the mourned, nor see, nor hear; or if they do, look down with cold and careless gaze upon the love that lifts our very souls in desperate yearning towards them. Yet one of the two must surely be: either the other life is like this, a life of pain, though not like this, perhaps, a life of selfishness; or this earth, and time, and all they hold, are a more hollow mockery than even I sometimes dream they are. I will not think any more of it. We went to the theatre at half past five. Play, Hunchback; after it Katharine and Petruchio. I thought I should have died of the side ache —I was in perfect agony. The people here are more civil and considerate than can be imagined. I sent, yesterday evening, for some water-ice: the confectioner had none; when, lo! to-night he brings me some he has made on purpose for me, which he entreats my acceptance of. I admired a very pretty fan, Mrs. —— had in her hand; and at the end of the play, she had it sent to my dressing-room;—and these sort of things are done by me, not once, but ten times every day. Nothing can exceed the kindness and attention which has encountered us every where since we have been in this country. I am sure I am bound to remember America and Americans thankfully; for, whatever I may think of their ways, manners, or peculiarities, to me they have shown unmingled good will,

and cordial, real kindness. Remained up, packing, till two o'clock.

TO —— ——.

Many a league of salt sea rolls
Between us, yet I think our souls,
Dear friend, are still as closely tied
As when we wandered side by side,
Some seven years gone, in that fair land
Where I was born. As hand in hand
We liv'd the showery spring away,
And when the sunny earth was gay
With all its blossoms, still together
We passed the pleasant summer weather,
We little thought the time would come,
When, from a trans-atlantic home,
My voice should greet you lovingly
Across the deep dividing sea.
Oh, friend! my heart is sad: 'tis strange,
As I sit musing on the change
That has come o'er my fate, and cast
A longing look upon the past,
That pleasant time comes back again
So freshly to my heart and brain,
That I half think the things I see
Are but a dream, and I shall be
Lying beside you, when I wake,
Upon the lawn beneath the brake,
With the hazel copse behind my head,
And the new-mown fields before me spread.

It is just twilight: that sweet time
Is short-lived in this radiant clime,—
Where the bright day, and night more bright,
Upon th' horizon's verge unite,

Nor leave those hours of ray serene,
In which we think of what has been :
And it is well; for here no eye
Turns to the distant days gone by :
They have no legendary lore
Of deeds of glory done of yore,—
No knightly marvel-haunted years,
The nursery tales of adult ears:
The busy present, bright to come,
Of all their thoughts make up the sum:
Little their little past they heed;
Therefore of twilight have no need.

Yet wherefore write I thus. In the short span
Of narrow life dol'd out to every man,
Though he but reach the threshold of the track,
Where, from youth's better path, strikes out the worse,
If he has breath'd so long, nor once look'd back,
He has not borne life's load, nor known God's curse.

And yet, but for that glance that o'er and o'er
Goes tearfully, where we shall go no more ;
Courting the sunny spots, where, for a day,
Our bark has found a harbour on its way;
O ! but for this, this pow'r of conjuring
Hours, days, and years into the magic ring,
Bidding them yield the show of happiness,
To make our real misery seem less,
Life would be dreary. But these memories start,
Sometimes, unbidden on the mourner's heart ;
Unwish'd, unwelcome, round his thoughts they cling,—
In vain flung off, still dimly gathering,
Like melancholy ghosts, upon the path
Where he goes sadly, seeking only death.

Then live again the forms of those who lie
Gather'd into the grave's dark mystery.

Vainly at reason's voice the phantom flies,—
It comes, it still comes back to the fond eyes,—
Still, still the yearning arms are spread to clasp
The blessing that escapes their baffled grasp :
Still the bewilder'd memory mutters " Gone !"
Still, still the clinging, aching heart loves on.
Oh, bitter ! that the lips on which we pour
Love's fondest kisses, feel the touch no more ;
Oh, lonely ! that the voice on which we call
In agony, breaks not its silent thrall ;
Oh, fearful ! that the eyes in which we gaze
With desperate hope, through their thick filmy haze,
Return no living look to bless our sight !
Oh, God ! that it were granted that one might
But once behold the secret of the grave,—
That but one voice from the all-shrouding cave
Might speak,—that but one sleeper might emerge
From the deep death-sea's overwhelming surge !
Speak, speak from the grey coffins where ye lie
Fretting to dust your foul mortality !
Speak, from your homes of darkness and dismay,—
To what new being do ye pass away ?—
O *do* ye live indeed ?—speak, if on high
One atom springs whose doom is not to die !—
Where have I wandered * * *
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Saturday, 29th.

When I came down to breakfast, found a very pretty diamond ring and some Scotch rhymes, from Mr. ——, what we call a small return of favours. I wish my hand wasn't so abominably ugly,—I hate to put a ring upon it. —— called to see if we would ride ; but D—— had too much

Henry Greville says her hands were very large.

to do—and after sitting pottering for some time, I sang him the Messenger Bird, and sent him away. Went for a few moments to Mrs. ——, who seemed much better. Went out to pay sundry bills and visits. Called at Mr. ——'s, and spent half an hour most delightfully in his study. His picture of my father is very like, and very agreeable. 'Tis too youthful by a good deal; but the expression of the face is extremely good, and upon the whole, except that stern-looking thing of Kearsley's, 'tis the likest thing I have seen of him. We had a long discussion about the stage,—the dramatic art; which, as Helen says, "is none," for, "no art but taketh time and pains to learn." Now I am a living and breathing witness that a person may be accounted a good actor, and to a certain degree deserve the title, without time or pains of any sort being expended upon the acquisition of the reputation. But on other grounds, acting has always appeared to me to be the very lowest of the arts, admitting that it deserves to be classed among them at all, which I am not sure it does. In the first place, it originates nothing; it lacks, therefore, the grand faculty which all other arts possess—creation. An actor is at the best but the filler up of the outline designed by another,—the expounder, as it were, of things which another has set down; and a fine piece of acting is at best, in my opinion, a fine translation. Moreover, it is not alone to charm the senses that the nobler powers of mind were given to man; 'tis not alone to enchant the eye that the gorgeous pallet of the painter, and the fine chisel of the statuary, have become through heavenly inspiration, magical wands, summoning to life images of loveliness, of majesty, and grace; 'tis not alone to soothe the ear that music has possessed, as it were,

certain men with the spirit of sweet sounds ; 'tis not alone to delight the fancy that the poet's great and glorious power was given him, by which, as by a spell, he peoples all space, and all time, with undying witnesses of his own existence ; 'tis not alone to minister to our senses that these most beautiful capabilities were sown in the soil of our souls. But 'tis that through them all that is most refined, most excellent and noble, in our mental and moral nature, may be led through their loveliness, as through a glorious archway, to the source of all beauty, and all goodness. It is that by them our perceptions of truth may be made more vivid, our love of loveliness increased, our intellect refined and elevated, our nature softened, our memory stored with images of brightness, which, like glorious reflections, falling again upon our souls, may tend to keep alive in them, the knowledge of, and the desire after what is true, and fair, and noble. But, that art may have this effect, it must be to a certain degree enduring. It must not be a transient vision, which fades and leaves but a recollection of what it was, which will fade too. It must not be for an hour, a day, or a year, but abiding, inasmuch as anything earthly may abide, to charm the sense and cheer the soul of generation after generation. And here it is that the miserable deficiency of acting is most apparent. Whilst the poems, the sculptures of the old Grecian time yet remain to witness to these latter ages the enduring life of truth and beauty,—whilst the poets of Rome, surviving the trophies of her thousand victories, are yet familiar in our mouths as household words,—whilst Dante, Boccaccio, that giant, Michael Angelo, yet live and breathe, and have their being amongst us, through the rich legacy their genius has bequeathed to time,—whilst the

wild music of Salvator Rosa, solemn and sublime as his painting, yet rings in our ears, and the souls of Shakspeare, Milton, Raphael, and Titian, are yet shedding into our souls divinest influences from the very fountains of inspiration—where are the pageants that night after night, during the best era of dramatic excellence, riveted the gaze of thousands, and drew forth their acclamations? —gone, like rosy sunset clouds;—fair painted vapours, lovely to the sight, but vanishing as dreams, leaving no trace in heaven, no token of their ever having been there. Where are the labours of Garrick, of Macklin, of Cooke, of Kemble, of Mrs. Siddons?—chronicled in the dim memories of some few of their surviving spectators; who speak of them with an enthusiasm which we who never saw them, fancy the offspring of that feeling which makes the old look back to the time of their youth, as the only days when the sun knew how to shine. What have these great actors left either to delight the sense, or elevate the soul, but barren names, unwedded to a single lasting evidence of greatness. If, then, acting be alike without the creating power, and the enduring property, which are at once the highest faculty of art, and its most beneficial purpose, what becomes of it when ranked with efforts displaying both in the highest degree. To me it seems no art,* but merely a highly rational, interesting, and excit-

* The evanescent nature of his triumph, however an actor may deplore it, is in fact but an instance of the broad moral justice by which all things are so evenly balanced. If he can hope for no fame beyond mere mention, when once his own generation passes away, at least his power, and his glory, and his reign is in his own person, and during his own life. There is scarcely to be conceived a popularity for the moment more intoxicating than

ing amusement; and I think men may as well, much better, perhaps, spend three hours in a theatre, than in a billiard or bar-room,—and this is the extent of my approbation and admiration of my art. Called on Mrs. ——, whom I like very much. Went to the riding-school to try a new horse, which was ten hands high, all covered with shaggy angry-looking hair, with a donkey's head, and cart-horse legs, with one of which he peached. —— came to see me mount. Dr. ——'s grey horse was standing in the school with a man's saddle on. I persuaded —— to put me on it, and I then sent him away. *

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When he was gone, rode for about an hour without any pommel, and found I managed it famously. I slipped my foot out of the stirrup in order to see if I could sit without

that of a great actor in his day, so much of it becomes mixed up with the individual himself. The poet, the painter, and the sculptor, enchant us through their works; and, with very, very few exceptions, their works, and not their very persons, are the objects of admiration and applause; it is to their minds we are beholden; and though a certain degree of curiosity and popularity necessarily wait even upon their bodily presence, it is faint compared with that which is bestowed upon the actor; and for good reasons—he is himself his work. His voice, his eyes, his gesture, are his art, and admiration of it cannot be separated from admiration for him. This renders the ephemeral glory which he earns so vivid, and in some measure may be supposed to compensate for its short duration. The great of the earth, whose fame has arisen like the shining of the sun, have often toiled through their whole lives in comparative obscurity, through the narrow and dark paths of existence. Their reward was never given to their hands here,—it is but just their glory should be lasting.

both; but this proved rather too much, for I presently slid very comfortably off. On my way home, met young ——, with his head so completely in the clouds, that I had bowed to him, and was driving on, when he just perceived me, and fell into a confusion of bows, which he continued long after the coach had passed him. Found the usual token of his having been at our house—a most beautiful nosegay; roses, hyacinths, and myrtle. While I was arranging them, I heard a tremendous shriek of laughter in the hall, which was followed by the appearance of Mr. ——. After sitting with him some time, I went and sat with Mrs. ——. The amiable Charge d'Affaires dined with us. After dinner went to see Mrs. ——; but she was too unwell to receive me. * * *

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Saw Dr. ——, who expressed manifold deplorings at my departure, gave him the words of the Sisters. At half past five went to the theatre: play, the Wonder. I acted only so so; my father was a *leetle dans les vignes du seigneur*. When the play was over, the folk called for us, and we went on; he made them a neat speech, and I nothing but a cross face and three curtseys. How I do hate this! 'Tis quite enough to exhibit myself to a gaping crowd, when my profession requires that I should do so in a feigned semblance; but to come bobbing and genuflexioning on, as me myself, to be clapped and shouted at, and say, "thank ye kindly," is odious. After the play, dressed, and off to Mrs. ——, with my father and Mr. ——. On our way thither the spring of our coach broke, and we had to go halting along for half an hour, with a graceful inclination towards the pavement on one side, which was

very pleasant. There was quite a brilliant party at Mrs. ——'s. Told Mr. —— that I had thrown his horse down. Saw and spoke to all Philadelphia. —— was there, and actually sitting still. Fell in love with Mr. ——'s youngest son, who is a youth of some ten years old, and hovers round me with a plenitude of silent admiration and astonishment that is most delightful. Miss —— who is a very pretty creature, (in fact, all American women are pretty creatures, I never saw any prettier) sang Dalla Gioga e del Piacer. She sings very well, but pronounces Italian very Americanly, which is a pity. I don't know anything so necessary to good singing as a good Italian pronunciation, *except* perhaps a good voice, and a good school. They made me sing, and I sang them the galley song, after which Miss —— warbled again. They were surrounding me again, with a shower of "pray do's" when perceiving D—— making towards me, with my boa on her arm, I sat down and sang them, "Yes aunt, I am ready to go," to their infinite edification. I wonder if Mrs. —— would object to this, I should think not, as —— is not here to catch it again. * *

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Came home, and supped. I had eaten nothing since four o'clock, and was famished; for I do not like stewed oysters and terrapins, which are the refreshments invariably handed round at an American evening party. Did not get to bed till two o'clock. How beautifully bright the heavens are here. The sky has an earnest colour that is lovely and solemn to look at; and the moon, instead of being "the maiden with white fire laden," has a rich, mellow, golden light, than which, nothing can be more

beautiful. The stars, too, are more vivid than in our skies, and there is a variety of hues in their light which I never observed before,—some reddish, some violet, and again others of the palest silver.

Sunday, 30th.

After breakfast Mr. —— called, also ——, to know at what time we would ride. I fixed at twelve, thereby calculating that we should escape the people coming out from church. Went and sat a few minutes with Mrs. ——.

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Spent my Sunday morning on my knees, indeed, but packing, not praying. The horses did not come till half past twelve; so that instead of avoiding, we encountered the pious multitude. I'm sure when we mounted, there were not less than a hundred and fifty beholders round the Mansion House. Rode out to Laurel Hill. The cross road was muddy, so we took the turnpike, which was clean and short, and would have been pleasant enough but for my brute of a horse. Upon my word, these American horses are most unsafe to ride. I never mount one but I recommend myself to the care of heaven, for I expect to have every bone in my body broken before I dismount again. At Laurel Hill we lunched. While D—— put up her hair, —— and I ran down to the water side. The ice had melted from the river, in whose still waters the shores, and trees, and bridge lay mirrored with beautiful and fairy-like distinctness. The long icicles under the rocky brow beneath which we stood, had not melted away, though the warm sun was shining brilliantly on

them, and making the granite slab on which we stood, sparkle like a pavement of diamonds. I called to the echo, and sang to it scales up, and scales down, and every manner of musical discourse I could think of, during which interesting amusement I as nearly as possible slipped from my footing into the river, which caused both —— and myself to gulp. We left our pleasant sunny stand at last, to rejoin D—— and the lunch, and having eaten and drunken, we remounted and proceeded on to Manayunk, under the bright, warm, blessed sunshine, which came down like a still shining shower upon the earth. The beautiful little water-courses had all broken from their diamond chains, and came dancing and singing down the hills, between the cedar bushes, and the masses of grey granite, like merry children laughing as they run. After crossing the bridge at Flat Rock, I took the van, riding by myself much faster than my companions, whom I left to entertain each other. Several times, as I looked down at the delicious fresh water, all rosy with the rosy light of the clouds, and gushing round the masses of rock that intercepted their channel, I longed to jump off my horse, and go down among their shallow brilliant eddies. The whole land was mellow with warm sunset, the sky soft, and bright, and golden, like a dream. I stopped for a long time opposite the Wissihiccon creek. The stone bridge, with its grey arch, mingled with the rough blocks of rock on which it rested, the sheet of foaming water falling like a curtain of gold over the dam among the dark stones below, on whose brown sides the ruddy sunlight and glittering water fell like splinters of light. The thick bright rich tufted cedars basking in the warm amber glow, the picturesque mill, the smooth open field, along whose

side the river waters, after receiving this child of the mountains into their bosom, wound deep, and bright, and still, the whole radiant with the softest light I ever beheld, formed a most enchanting and serene subject of contemplation. Further on, I stopped again, to look at a most beautiful mass of icicles, formed by some water falling from a large wooden conduit which belonged to a mill. The long thick masses of silvery white clung in downward pyramids together, and on the ground, great round balls of purest transparent ice, like enormous crystal grapes, lay clustered upon each other. I waited on a little sunny knoll above this glittering fairy work, till my companions joined me, when, leaving D—— to pursue the main road, —— and I turned off, and explored a pretty ravine, down which another mountain stream, half free wild water, half shimmering diamond ice, sparkled in the sunset. We reached Philadelphia at half past four, and had again to canter down Chestnut street just as the folks were all coming from church, which caused no little staring, and turning of heads. My father asked —— to dine with us, but he refused. Mr. —— dined with us. After dinner went in to pay my last visit to my poor sick friend. I sat with her until summoned to see some gentlemen in the drawing-room. It pained me to part from her; for though she exerted herself bravely, she was very much overcome. I fear she will miss me, poor thing; I had become very much attached to her. I went in to bid Mrs. —— good-by. —— was not gone to bed; I took her in my arms and kissed her, saying I should not see her for a long time again. The tears came into her baby eyes, and she said very sadly, "God bless you, Fanny." How curious a train of associations that word produced in

me. It brought ——, and Lord ——, and that beautiful creature his child, before my very eyes. But her father had told little Lady —— to say that,—I am sure he did; now this little creature blessed me out of her own heart. A child's blessing is a holy thing. Came into the drawing-room. Found Dr. ——, young Mr. ——, and Mr. —— there. Presently, Mr. —— came in, with Baron ——, a man with a thick head, thick white hair, that stood out round it like a silver halo, and gold ear-rings. I sang to them till past ten o'clock, and then came to my own room, where I remained up packing and pottering until past two.

Monday, 31st.

The river being yet open, thank heaven, we arose at half past four o'clock. Dressed sans dawdling for once, and came down. * * * * *

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D—— and I were bundled into a coach, and rumbled and tumbled over the stones, through the blackness of darkness down to the steamboat. —— was waiting for us, and convoyed us safely to the cabin, where I laid myself down, and slept till breakfast time. My father, Captain ——, Mr. ——, and Baron —— sat themselves down most comfortably to breakfast, leaving us entirely to the charge and care of ——, who fulfilled his trust with infinite zeal. 'Tis curious; there was a man on board whom I have now seen every time I have been going to or from New York to Philadelphia, whose appearance was in itself very remarkable, and the subsequent account I re-

ceived of him, perhaps increased the sort of impression it made upon me. He was a man of about from thirty to thirty-five *I guess*, standing about five feet ten, with a great appearance of strength and activity. His face was that of a foreigner, the features were remarkably well cut, and the piercing black eyes, dark hair, and brown complexion, gave a Spanish character to his countenance. There was a sort of familiar would-be gentlemanly manner in his deportment and address, and a species of slang gentility in his carriage and conversation, that gave me a curiosity to ascertain what on earth he could be. After breakfast, walked up and down deck with ——. —— was on board. I am happy to hear he is thriving: I love all my fellow-passengers, and when I see one of them, my heart warms towards them, as to a bit of the dear old land left behind. After about an hour's steaming, we disembarked to cross the narrow neck of land which divides the Delaware from the Chesapeake. Here we got into a coach holding some twelve of us, to be conveyed over the rail-road by one of Stevenson's engines. Neither the road nor the conveyances are comparable to those of the Liverpool and Manchester rail-way; and instead of those luxurious, roomy coaches, which form the merit of the Liverpool train, we were squeezy and uncomfortable to a degree. The country along this slip of land is flat and very uninteresting, clothed with threadbare young woods, whose thin spare skeletons, without their leavy mantles, looked excessively miserable. The distance from the Delaware to Frenchtown, on the Elk, where we were again to take water, is about sixteen miles, which we did in an hour. The first part of the road lies in Delaware, the latter in Maryland. The Elk, which in this world of huge wa-

ters is considered but a paltry ditch, but which in our country would be thought a very decent-sized river, was, a few days ago, frozen up, thereby putting a stop to the steamboat travelling. But fortunately for us, it was open to-day, and presently we beheld the steamer coming puffing up to take us from the pier. This boat—the Charles Carroll,—is one of the finest they have. 'Tis neither so swift nor so large, I think, as some of the North river boats, but it is a beautiful vessel, roomy and comfortable in its arrangements. I went below for a few minutes, but found, as usual, the atmosphere of the cabin perfectly intolerable. The ladies' cabin, in winter, on board one of these large steamers, is a right curious sight. 'Tis genenerally crammed to suffocation with women, *strewn* in every direction. The greater number cuddle round a stove, the heat of which alone would make the atmosphere unbreathable. Others sit lazily in a species of rocking-chair,—which is found wherever Americans sit down,—cradling themselves backwards and forwards, with a lazy, lounging, sleepy air, that makes me long to make them get up and walk. Others again manage, even upon fresh water, to be very sick. There are generally a dozen young human beings, some naughty, sick, and squalling, others happy, romping, and riotous ; and what with the vibratory motion of the rocking-chairs and their contents, the women's shrill jabber, the children's shriller wailing and shouting, the heat and closeness of the air,—a ladies' cabin on board an American steamboat, is one of the most overpowering things to sense and soul that can well be imagined. There was a poor sick woman with three children, among our company, two of which were noisy, unruly boys, of from eight to ten years old. One of

them set up a howl as soon as he came on board, which he prolonged, to our utter dismay, for upwards of half an hour sans intermission, except to draw breath. I bore it as long as I could; but threats, entreaties, and bribes having been resorted to in vain, by all the women in the cabin, to silence him, I at length very composedly took him up in my arms, and deposited him on his back in one of the upper berths; whereupon his brother flew at his mother, kicking, thumping, screaming, and yelling. The cabin was in an uproar; the little wretch I held in my arms struggled like a young giant, and though I succeeded in lodging him upon the upper shelf, presently slid down from it like an eel. However, this effort had a salutary effect, for it obtained silence,—the crying gave way to terror, which produced silence, of which I availed myself to sleep till dinner time. At dinner, —— and Mr. —— took charge of D—— and me, who, seeing that we were to get no dinner till six o'clock, thought fit to eat some lunch. The strange, dark man was sitting opposite us, and discoursing away to his neighbours in a strain and tone in which shrewdness and swagger, and vulgarity and a sort of braggart gallantry were curiously jumbled. From his conversation it was evident that he was a seafaring man. He spoke of having been a midshipman on board an American frigate. The question they were debating was that of superstitious prejudice involving belief in lucky and unlucky days, witches, ghosts, etc. The stranger professed perfect faith in all, and added sundry experiences of his own, at the same time observing, that with regard to sailors, the strong prejudice they have against sailing on certain days, often creates the very ill luck they apprehend; for if any danger should occur, 'tis

all attributed to evil influences against which they have no power, and they are at once deprived of half their energy in labour, and half their courage in peril. When dinner was over, I pointed out this strange man to my father, asking him if he had any idea who he was. "I am told," was his reply, "that he is but just returned from New York, where he has been tried for piracy." This accounted for everything,—dare-devil look and language, seafaring adventures, and superstitious creed. It is a pleasant mode of travelling that throws one into contact with such company. * * * * *

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Touching pirates, Baltimore, I was told, (I know not how truly,) is famous for them. They have small schooners there of a particularly light build, and raking masts, which are the prettiest craft in the world to look at, and the swiftest that sail sea. The Baltimore clippers are proverbial for their elegance and fleetness; they are like greyhounds on the water. These, I was told, were frequently owned by gentlemen of rather an ambiguous character, something between pirate, smuggler, and wrecker, perhaps a judicious compound of all three. Their trade is chiefly, I believe, with and about the West India islands. I looked at my Spanish-faced friend with redoubled curiosity; he was the very man for a pirate. We reached Baltimore at about half past four. The Chesapeake bay, like the Delaware river, appeared to me admirable only as an immense sheet of water. At some parts that we passed, it was six, at others ten, at others thirteen miles across. The shores were flat and uninteresting on one side, but on the other occasionally very picturesque and beautiful, rising in red-

looking cliffs from the water's edge, and crowned with beautiful green tufts of wood—cedar, I suppose, for nothing else is green at this time. The curvings of the shore, too, are very pretty, but owing to the enormous width of the water, my imperfect vision could hardly discern the peculiar features of the land. The day was more lovely than a fine day in early September, in England,—bright, soft, and sunny, with the blue in the sky of the delicate colour one sees in the Sèvres porcelain. As we entered the Patapsco, and neared Baltimore, North Point and Fort M'Henry were pointed out to me. My spirits always sink when I come to a strange place, and as we came along the wharf sides, under the red dingy-looking warehouses, between which the water ran in narrow dark-looking canals, I felt terribly gloomy. We drove up to Barnham's, the best house in the town ; and having found out where to lay my head, I had my fill of crying.* After dinner went and lay down; slept profoundly till nine o'clock. On my return to the drawing-room found —— there, and Mr. ——, the man who owns the Front street theatre, but who it seems is only just out of jail, and has neither actors nor scenes to get up a play withal. While he was here, came missives from the proprietors of the Holliday street theatre, to inform my father that it was lighted up, and requesting him to come and look at it. This was awkward rather. When Mr. —— was gone,

* Another house has been opened at Baltimore within the last year, which, though unfinished at the time of our lodging there, promised to be extremely comfortable. The building adjoined, and indeed formed part of the Exchange; the vestibule of which is the only very beautiful piece of architecture I have seen here. It is very beautiful.

I came to my room, where I remained without a fire, cold without and disconsolate within, till past one o'clock. I did not know it was New-Year's eve; and so the waters carried me over this other dam without my looking back at what was past or forward at what is to come: and why should I?—surely "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun:" sorrow and joy, hoping and fearing, pain and pleasure, laughing and weeping, striving and yielding,—they will all come again and again, and all things will be the same, till all things cease.

Tuesday, January 1st, New-Year's Day. } **1833.**

There it lies in its cradle! its pure forehead yet unstained by sin, unfurrowed by care; and not an hour shall have passed without the traces of both becoming visible. And where is the mother gone? where is the fulfilled year?—Gone sorrowing to join the crowd of ancestors, who witness each against me for the unthrift waste I have made of the rich legacies they one by one have bestowed on me. Oh, new-born year! ere half thy hours are spent, how often will my weary spirit have wished them fleeter wings than even those they wear! What secrets are there folded in thy breast,—what undreamt-of chances,—what strange befallings,—what unforeseen sorrows,—what unexpected joys! Perhaps, in the mysterious accomplishments with which thou art laden, my death may be numbered!—perhaps, ere thy course be duly run, the death of Time may be decreed! Oh! this life, and all

things in it, remind me of the thin veils of spider's webs which divided Desire from his aim, and which, though light and transparent, were so numerous, that to lift them all away was hopeless. After breakfast began writing journal. 'Twas not until dating it that I discovered it was New-year's day. When I did so, and looked at my strange surroundings, at the gloomy wintry sky, and thought of the heathenish disregard with which I was passing over, in this far land, the season of home-gathering and congregating of kin in my own country, I could not refrain from crying bitterly. In spite of the pouring rain, and Mr. ——'s hints to keep us away, my father, who wished to ascertain the truth of the reports with regard to the state of his theatre, set forward thither with me. We found a very large, handsome house, larger, I think, than the Park, but dirty, dilapidated, and looking as if there had been eleven executions in it that morning. No actors, scarcely any scenes,—in short, such a state of things as rendered it totally impossible for us to think of acting there. Came home; sat diligently crying the whole morning. The afternoon cleared up, and became soft and sunny. My father insisted on my taking a walk; so I bonneted and set out with him. What I saw of the town appeared to me extremely like the outskirts of Birmingham or Manchester. Bright-red brick houses, in rows of three and five, with interesting gaps of gravel pits, patches of meadow, and open spaces between, which give it an untidy, straggling appearance. They are building in every direction, however, and in less than two years, these little pauses being filled up, Baltimore will be a very considerable place; for it covers, in its present state, a large extent of ground, and contains a vast population. Imme-

diately after dinner, our host made his entrée with a pianoforte. I had suggested to Mr. —— that I should be glad of one; and here it came. I had asked him to return in the evening, and was glad of the piano, for it helps the time away. At six o'clock the managers of the Holliday street theatre made their appearance; and my father stating that Mr. —— was literally unable to fulfil his engagement with us, entered into arrangements with them; during which, I sat up at a tremendously high window, looking at the beautiful serious skies, and radiant moon, and listening to a tolerable band playing sundry of Rossini's airs. When these men had departed, —— came in. I sang and made him sing, till tea time. After that he entertained us with a very long, but not very clear account of the various processes of making, polishing, etc., steel, as practised in his manufactory. His account of their hard dealings with the poorer manufacturers was dreadful, and he himself spoke with horror of it, saying, "Oh, they are so miserably ground, poor wretches, they cannot be said to live,—they barely exist." When I remonstrated with him upon the wickedness of such proceedings, he replied, "We are compelled to do it in self-defence; if we did not use the same means as other manufacturers, we should presently be undersold." And this is the game playing all over England at this moment, in every department of her commerce and manufacture,—this cruel oppression of the poor, this forcing them by a league against them, as it were, to toil in bitterness for their scanty daily bread, while those who thus inhumanly depreciate their labour, and wring their hard earnings from their starving grasp, grow wealthy on their plunder. Are not these the things for which God has said he will

avenge? Is his abomination of the false balance, and the stinted measure, and the unjust reckoning, less than in the days when he said he would visit the oppressor of the poor, and plead the cause of the widow and fatherless? Are not these the things that make a nation rotten at core, and ripe for decay? Are not these the things for which retribution is laid up, and fourfold restitution will be demanded?—'Tis awful to think of. From this the conversation grew to the means of obtaining interest upon money in this country, which the gentlemen discussed together for a length of time. I listened to them with many sad thoughts. How intent they seemed in their discourse; how much they appeared to value every slightest advantage of place or circumstance which enabled them to draw a greater profit from their capital; how eagerly, how earnestly they seemed absorbed in these calculations. I do not know when I have been so forcibly struck with the worthlessness of money, and the strange delusion under which all men seem to be labouring, giving up their lives, as they do, to the hunting of wealth. Are these the cares that should engross the faculties of immortal souls, and rational thinking creatures? That we must live, I know, and that money is necessary to live, I know; but that our glorious capacities of soul, mind, and body, the fitting exercise of which alone, in itself, is happiness, should thus be chained down to the altar horns of mammon, is what I never will believe wise, right, or fitting. I at length spoke, for my heart was burning within me, and burst into an eloquent lamentation on the folly and misery of which the world was guilty in following this base worship as it does. But when I said that I was convinced happiness might and did exist most blessedly upon half the means

which men spent their lives in scraping together, my father laughed, and said I was the last person in the world who could live on little, or be content with the mediocrity I vaunted. I looked at my satin gown, and held my tongue, but still I was not convinced. We returned to our music till ten o'clock, when they had some supper, after which they drank a happy new year to England—poor old England, God bless it! At about twelve o'clock —— departed. Sat up a long time at the window, listening to some serenading, which, in the moonlight, sounded pleasantly enough.*

Sunday, 6th.

At about half past ten Mr. —— called for us, and we walked up to the cathedral, which is a large unfinished stone building standing on the brow of a hill, which is to be the fashionable quarter of the town, and where there are already some very nice-looking houses. The interior of the church is large and handsome, and has more the look of a church than anything I have been inside of in this country yet. 'Tis full eight years since I was in a Catholic church; and the sensation with which I approached the high altar, with its golden crucifix, its marble entablatures, and its glimmering starry lights, savoured fully as much of sadness as devotion. I have not been in a Catholic place of worship since I was at school. How

* This very romantic piece of gallantry, (serenading,) is very common in this country. How it comes to be so I can't quite make out; for it is not at all of a piece with the national manners or tone of feeling. It's very agreeable, though, and is an anomaly worth cultivating.

well I remember the beautiful music of the military mass, the pageants and processions of the feast days at high mass, and the evening service, not vespers, but the Salut.* They sang that exquisitely mournful and beautiful *et incarnatus est* of Haydn's, which made my blood all run backwards. One thing disgusted me dreadfully, though the priests who were officiating never passed or approached the altar without bending the knee to it, they kept spitting all over the carpet that surrounded and covered the steps to it, interrupting themselves in the middle of the service to do so, without the slightest hesitation.

* I have heard it several times asserted, that Catholicism was gaining ground extremely in this country. Surely the Preacher sayeth well, The thing which has been, it is that which shall be, and there is nothing new beneath the sun. Is it not a marvellous thing to think of, that that mighty tree which has overshadowed the whole of the Christian world, under whose branches all the European empires were cradled, and which we have with our own eyes beheld droop, and fade, and totter, as it does at this moment in the old soils,—is it not strange to think of the seed being carried, and the roots taking hold in this new earth, perhaps to send up another such giant shadow over this hemisphere? Its growth here appears to me almost impossible; for if ever there were two things more opposite in their nature than all other things, they are the spirit of the Roman Catholic religion, and the spirit of the American people. It's true, that of the thousands who take refuge from poverty upon this plenteous land, the greater number bring with them that creed, but the very air they inhale here presently gives them a political faith, so utterly incompatible with the spirit of subjection, that I shall think the Catholic priesthood here workers of miracles, to retain anything like the influence over their minds which they possessed in those countries, where all creeds, political and polemical, have but one watch-word—faith and submission.

We had a very indifferent sermon: the service was of course in Latin. When it was over, Mr. —— insisted on showing me some paintings which hung on either side the grand entrance. These were a couple of pictures by Paulin Guerin; the one representing the descent from the cross, the other the burying of the dead, by St. Charles, in the Holy land. I do not understand much about bad pictures, but I know good ones when I see them; and I think these were not such. There was no beauty of imagination or poetical conception whatever in them, and there appeared to me to be manifold glaring faults in the execution. I could have sworn to their being French pictures. Was introduced to several people coming out of church. A little way beyond the cathedral stands Washington's monument,—a *neat and appropriate* pillar, —which, together with a smaller one erected at the head of our street, to the memory of the North Point heroes, has given Baltimore the appellation of the monumental city, which never could have befallen it in any other country under heaven, but this. At eight o'clock we went to Mrs. ——'s. They are all in deep mourning, and the circle was very small. They are most agreeable, pleasant people, with a peculiar gentleness of manner, like very high breeding which I have often observed in Catholics of the better orders. Their conversation appeared to me totally divested of the disagreeable accent which seems almost universal in this country. Mrs. —— talked to me about my aunt Whitelock, and what a charming actress she was, and what an enchanting thrilling voice she had. I spent a delightful evening. Before we went away Mr. —— showed us a picture of Lady ——, by

Lawrence. It looked quite refreshing, with its lovely dark curls unfrizzed, and the form of the neck and arms undisguised by the hideousness of modern fashions. Saw a very good likeness, too, of the Duke of ——. 'Twas very like him, though many years younger. * *

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By the bye, somebody said that —— had turned Roman Catholic, and very devout. Some of the Marys and Magdalens of the old Italian painters are very converting pictures, with their tearful, melancholy eyes, and golden, glorious, billowy hair. Mrs. —— amused me very much by her account of the slaves on their estates, whom, she said, she found the best and most faithful servants in the world. Being born upon the land, there exists among them something of the old spirit of clanship, and "our house," "our family," are the terms by which they designate their owners. In the south there are no servants but blacks; for the greater proportion of domestics being slaves, all species of servitude whatever is looked upon as a degradation; and the slaves themselves entertain the very highest contempt for white servants, whom they designate as "poor white trash."

Monday, 7th.

Young —— called, and stayed about an hour with us. At half past five took coffee, and off to the theatre. The play was Romeo and Juliet; the house was extremely full: they are a delightful audience. My Romeo had gotten on a pair of trunk breeches, that looked as if he

had borrowed them from some worthy Dutchman of a hundred years ago. Had he worn them in New York, I could have understood it as a compliment to the ancestry of that good city; but here, to adopt such a costume in Romeo, was really perfectly unaccountable. They were of a most unhappy choice of colours, too,—dull heavy-looking blue cloth, and offensive crimson satin, all be-puckered, and beplaited, and bepuffed, till the young man looked like a magical figure growing out of a monstrous, strange-coloured melon, beneath which descended his unfortunate legs, thrust into a pair of red slippers, for all the world like Grimaldi's legs *en costume* for clown. The play went off pretty smoothly, except that they broke one man's collar-bone, and nearly dislocated a woman's shoulder by flinging the scenery about. My bed was not made in time, and when the scene drew, half a dozen carpenters in patched trowsers and tattered shirt sleeves, were discovered smoothing down my pillows, and adjusting my draperies. The last scene is too good not to be given verbatim;

ROMEO. Rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms.

Here he pounced upon me, plucked me up in his arms like an uncomfortable bundle, and staggered down the stage with me.

JULIET. (*aside.*) Oh, you've got me up horridly!—that'll never do; let me down, pray let me down.

ROMEO. There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!

JULIET. (*aside.*) Pray put me down; you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly.

In the midst of "cruel, cursed fate," his dagger fell out of his dress; I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end.

ROMEO. Tear not our heart-strings thus!
They crack! they break!—Juliet! Juliet! (*dies.*)

JULIET. (*to corpse.*) Am I smothering you?

CORPSE. (*to Juliet.*) Not at all; could you be so kind, do you think, as to put my wig on again for me?—it has fallen off.

JULIET. (*to corpse.*) I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you?

(*Corpse nodded.*)

JULIET. (*to corpse.*) Where's your dagger?

CORPSE. (*to Juliet.*) 'Pon my soul I don't know.

Sunday, 13th.

By half past ten we were packed in what in this country is termed an *exclusive extra*, i. e., a stage-coach to ourselves, and progressing towards Washington. The coach was comfortable enough, and the country, for the first twelve or fifteen miles, owing to the abominable account I had heard of it from every body, disappointed me rather agreeably. It was by no means so dreary or desolate as I had been led to expect. There was considerable variety in its outline, and the quantity of cedar thickets scattered over it took away from the comfortless, threadbare look of the wintry woods. Threadbare indeed the trees can scarce be called, for the leaves of the black oak instead of

falling as they fade, remain upon the branches and give the trees more the effect of being lightning-struck, or accidentally blasted, than withered by the fair course of the seasons. I think the effect is more disagreeable than that of absolutely bare, leafless boughs. When near, the trees look singularly deplorable and untidy, although at the distance, the red-brown of the faded oaks mingling with the bright, vivid, green cedars, and here and there a silver-barked buttonwood tree raising its white delicate branches from among them, produce a very agreeable and harmonious blending to the eye. The soil, the banks by the road-side, and broken ridges of ravines, and water-courses, attracted my attention by the variety and vividness of their colours. The brightest red and yellow, and then again pale green, and rich, warm gravel-colour. I wished I had been a geologist. How much pleasure of reflection and contemplation is lost to the ignorant whose outward sense wanders over the objects that surround it, deriving from them but half the delight that they give the wise and well-informed; even fancy is at fault, for fancy itself scarce devises images more strange, and beautiful, and wonderful, than the reality of things presents to those who understand their properties and natures. The waters were all fast frozen up, and one or two little pools, all curdled with ice, and locked up in deep, gravelly basins, looked like onyx stones set in gold. As for the road, we had been assured it was exceedingly good; but mercy on us! I can't think of it without aching. Here we went up, up, up, and there we went down, down, down,—now, I was in my father's lap, and now I was half out of window. The utter impossibility of holding oneself in any one position for two minutes, is absolutely ridiculous.

Sometimes we laughed, and at other times we groaned at our helpless and hopeless condition; but at last, we arrived, with no bones broken, at about three o'clock, at the capital and seat of government of the United States.* Upon the height immediately above the city, is situated the Capitol, a very handsome building, of which the Americans are not a little proud; but it seems placed there by mistake, so little do the miserable, untidy hovels above, and the scattered, unfinished, red-brick town below, accord with its patrician marble, and high-sounding title. We drove to Gadsby's, which is an inn like a little town,

* In most European countries, the seat of government and residence of the ruling powers and foreign ambassadors, is the capital, and generally the largest, most populous, most wealthy, and most influential city of the kingdom—the place of all others to which travellers would resort to become acquainted with its political, literary, and social spirit. In this, however, as in most other respects, this country differs from all others; and the spirit of independence which renders every state a republic within itself, gives to each its own capital, the superior merits of which are advocated with no little pride and jealousy, by the natives of the state to which it belongs. Thus, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and New Orleans, are all capitals; each of them fulfilling in a much higher degree than Washington the foreigner's idea of that word. Indeed I cannot conceive anything that would more amaze an European than to be transported into Washington, and told he was in the metropolis of the United States; nor indeed, could anything give him a less just idea, of the curious political construction, and widely scattered resources of the country. Washington, in fact, is to America what Downing and Parliament streets are to London—a congregation of government offices; where political characters, secretaries, clerks, place-holders, and place-seekers most do congregate.

with more wooden galleries, flights of steps, passages, door-ways, exits and entrances, than any building I ever saw: it reminded me of the house in Tieck's Love-charm. We had not been arrived a quarter of an hour, when in walked Mr. —— and Captain ——, and presently Mr. ——. They sat for some time, discussing, laughing, quizzing, and being funny, and then departed. Captain —— was telling us a story about a man somewhere up in the lost lands, who was called Philemon, and whose three sons were paganed, (christened, I suppose, one can't say,) Romulus, Remus, and Tiberius, I thought this was too good to be true, and D—— and I laughing over it at dinner, agreed that we wished anything of the sort had happened to us. "Some bread, waiter: what is your name?" said I to the black who was waiting upon us. "Horatius!" was the reply; which sent me and D—— into fits.

Monday, 14th.

When I came into breakfast found Mr. ——, whom I like mainly. While he was here, Dr. —— and —— came in. I gave the latter a most tremendous grasp of the hand: it was like seeing a bit of England to see him. He said to me, "Oh, how strange it is to see you here;" which caused my eyes to fill with tears, for heaven knows, it feels strange enough. They had hardly been seated two minutes, when in rushed a boy to call us to rehearsal. I was as vexed as might be. They all departed; —— faithfully promising to come again, and have a long talk about the old country: we then set forth to rehearsal. The theatre is the tiniest little box that ever was seen,—

not much bigger, I verily think, than the baby's play-house at Versailles. When I came to perceive who the company were, and that sundry of our Baltimore comrades were come on hither, I begged to be excused from rehearsing, as they had all done their parts but a few days before with me. At about two o'clock, Mr. —— came to take us to the Capitol. Mr. —— was in the drawing-room. He had just seen the president; and it seems, that far from coming to any accommodation with the South Carolinians, there is an immediate probability of their coming to blows. They say, the old general is longing for a fight; and most assuredly, to fight would be better, in this instance, than to give in; for, to yield, would be virtually to admit the right of every individual state to dictate to the whole government. We walked up to the Capitol: the day was most beautifully bright and sunny, and the mass of white building, with its terraces and columns, stood out in fine relief against the cloudless blue sky. We went first into the senate, or upper house, because Webster was speaking, whom I especially wished to hear. The room itself is neither large nor lofty; the senators sit in two semi-circular rows, turned towards the president, in comfortable arm-chairs. On the same ground, and literally sitting among the senators, were a whole regiment of ladies, whispering, talking, laughing, and fidgeting. A gallery, level with the floor, and only divided by a low partition from the main room, ran round the apartment: this, too, was filled with pink, and blue, and yellow bonnets; and every now and then, while the business of the house was going on, and Webster speaking, a tremendous bustle, and waving of feathers, and rustling of silks would be heard, and in came streaming a rein-

forcement of political beauties, and then would commence a jumping up, a sitting down, a squeezing through, and a how-d'ye-doing, and a shaking of hands. The senators would turn round, even Webster would hesitate as if bothered by the row, and, in short, the whole thing was more irregular, and unbusiness-like than any one could have imagined.* Webster's face is very remarkable, particularly the forehead and eyes. The former projects singularly, absolutely overhanging the latter, which have a very melancholy and occasionally rather wild expression. The subject upon which he was speaking was not one of particular interest,—an estimate of the amount of French spoliations, by cruisers and privateers, upon the American commerce. The heat of the room was intolerable; and after sitting till I was nearly suffocated, we adjourned

* As the winter resort of all the leading political men of the Union, Washington presents many attractions in point of society. Their wives and daughters, frequently the reigning beauties of their respective states and towns, generally accompany them thither during the session; and this congregating of people from all parts of the country, together with the foreign ministers residing there, and the travellers drawn thither from mere curiosity, combine to give more variety to the gaieties of Washington than those of any of the other cities in the Union can boast. The Capitol is a favourite lounge in the morning; and the American lady-politicians are just as zealous in their respective parties as our own. I don't know, however, that they would much relish listening to a long debate from that dismal hole, the lanthorn of the house of commons, where one may listen, indeed, and even just manage to see, but where to *be seen* is an utter impossibility: neither do I think that many of them would stand for four long hours, as Miss —— and poor Lady —— did, during Brougham's famous reform bill speech.

to the House of Representatives. On our way thither, we crossed a very beautiful circular vestibule, which holds the centre of the building. It was adorned with sundry memorable passages in American history done into pictures, by Colonel Trumbull. In the House of Representatives we were told we should hear nothing of interest, so turned off, under Mr. ——'s escort, to the library, which is a comfortable, well-sized room, where we looked over Audubon's Ornithology, a beautiful work, and saw a man sitting with his feet upon the table, reading, which is an American fashion. Met half the New York world there. After we had stayed there some time, we went into the House of Representatives. The room itself is lofty and large, and very handsome, but extremely ill-constructed for the voice, which is completely lost among the columns, and only reaches the gallery, where listeners are admitted, in indistinct and very unedifying murmurs. The members not unfrequently sit with their feet upon their desks. We walked out upon the terrace, and looked at the view of the Potomac, and the town, which, in spite of the enlivening effect of an almost summer's sky, looked dreary and desolate in the extreme. We then returned home. At half past five we went to the theatre. We were a long time before we could discover, among the intricate, dark little passages, our own private entrance, and were as nearly as possible being carried into the pit by a sudden rush of spectators making their way thither: I wish we had been; I think I should like to have seen myself very much. The theatre is absolutely like a doll's play-house: it was completely crammed with people. I played ill; I cannot act tragedy within half a yard of the people in the boxes. By the bye, a theatre may very

easily be too small for tragedies which is admirably adapted to comedies. In the latter species of dramatic representations, the incidents, characters, manners, and dresses, are, for the most part, modern,—such as we meet with, or can easily imagine in our own drawing-rooms, and among our own society. There is little if any exaggeration of colouring necessary, and no great exertion of fancy needful either in the actor or audience in executing and witnessing such a performance. On the contrary, comedy,—high comedy,—generally embodying the manners, tone, and spirit of the higher classes of society, the smaller the space, consistent with ease and grace of carriage, in which such personifications take place, the less danger there is of the actor's departing from that natural, quiet, and refined deportment and delivery, which are, in the present day, the general characteristics of polished society. 'Tis otherwise with tragic representations. They are unnatural, not positively, but comparatively unnatural; the incidents are, for the most part strange, startling, unusual; and though they always must be within possibility, in order to excite the sympathies of beholders,—though some of them may even be historical facts,—yet they are, for the most part, events which come within the probabilities of few of us, and this renders necessary a degree of excitement and elevation in the mind of the spectator, foreign to, and at variance with the critical spirit of prosaic reality. Again, the scene of a comedy is generally a drawing-room; and the smaller the stage, the greater is the possibility of rendering it absolutely like what we all have seen, and are daily in the habit of seeing; but to represent groves and mountains, or lakes, or the dwellings of the kings of the earth, satisfactorily to

the spectator's mind, there must be a certain distance observed, from which the fancy may take its stand for the best perception of what is intended. Whereas, in closer contact with such scenes, not only does their immediate proximity convey an unpleasing consciousness of the unreality of the whole, but the near and absolute detail of paint, canvass, and gilding, is obtruded in a manner that destroys all illusion, and by disturbing the effect of the whole upon the spectator, necessarily weakens that part which depends solely upon the actor. The same thing applies to dress. Foil-stone, paste, and coloured glass, by French ingenuity, have been manufactured into toys, which, with the help of distance, may be admitted as representing the splendours of Eastern costume, or even the glittering trappings of those gaudy little superhumans the fairies. But nearness utterly dissolves the spell, and these substitutes for magnificence become palpable impositions, and very often most ludicrous ones. I have often been accused of studying my attitudes, but the truth is, that most things that are presented to my imagination, instead of being mere abstractions, immediately assume form and colour, and become pictures; these I constantly execute on the stage as I had previously seen them in my fancy: but as few pictures as large as life admit of being seen to best effect immediately close to the spectator, so the whole effect produced by a graceful attitude, fine colours, or skilful grouping on the stage, is considerably diminished when the space is restricted, and the audience brought too near the performers. So much for little theatres. —— came in after the play. He told us that as he was coming out of the theatre, a Kentuckian accosted him with, "Well, what do you think of that 'ere *gal?*"—"Oh," hesitatingly

replied ——, "I don't quite know."—"Well," retorted the questioner, "any how, I guess she's o' some account!"

Tuesday, 15th.

At eleven o'clock Mr. —— called. Went with him to see the original of the Declaration of Independence, also, a few medals, for the most part modern ones, and neither of much beauty or curiosity. Afterwards went to the War Office, where we saw sundry Indian properties,—bows and arrows, canoes, smoking pipes, and what interested me much more, the pictures of a great many savage chiefs, and one or two Indian women. The latter were rather pretty: the men were not any of them handsome; scorn round the mouth, and cunning in the eyes seemed to be the general characteristic of all their faces. There was a portrait of Red Jacket, which gave me a most unpoetical, low-life impression of that great palaverer. The names of many of them delighted me, as, *the Ever-awake; the Man that stands and strikes; the North Wind.* One of the women's names amused me a great deal,—*the Woman that spoke first*,—which title occasioned infinite surmise among us as to the occasion on which she earned it. After we had done seeing what was to be seen, we went on to the president's house, which is a comfortless, handsome-looking building, with a withered grass-plot enclosed in wooden palings in front, and a desolate reach of uncultivated ground down to the river behind. Mr. —— gave us a most entertaining account of the levees, or rather public days, at the president's house. Every human being has a right to present himself

there; the consequence is, that great numbers of the very commonest sort of people used to rush in, and follow about the servants who carried refreshments, seizing upon whatever they could get, and staring and pushing about, to the infinite discomfiture of the more respectable and better-behaved part of the assembly. Indeed, the nuisance became so great, that they discontinued the eatables, and in great measure got rid of the crowd. Mr. —— assured me that on one of these occasions, two *ladies* had themselves lifted up and seated on the chimney-piece, in order to have a better view of the select congregation beneath them. Mr. —— left us to go to the Capitol, and we came home. ——, Mr. —— and Captain —— called. We sat discussing names; which in this country are certainly more ambitious than in any other in the world.*

* The love of the sublime and beautiful, those aspirations after something more refined, more exalted and perfect than this world affords, in short, that spiritual propensity classed in its many and various manifestations by the phrenologists under the title of *ideality*, will have some vent, and under circumstances most adverse to its existence, will creep out at some channel or another, and vindicate human nature by flourishing in some shape over the narrowest, homeliest, lowliest, and least favourable guise it may put on. Certainly America is not the country of large idealities,—it is the very reverse; if I may create a bump, it is the country of large realities, i. e., large acquisitiveness, large causality, large caution, and small veneration and wonder. Nathless some ideality must needs be, and is, and it creeps out in christian names. I have heard sempstresses called Amanda and Emmeline, and we had a housemaid in New England called Cynthia. Our village carpenter is named Rudolph; and if the spirit of the people appears to me unimaginative and unpoetical, I take great comfort in their fine names.

Besides Captain ——'s classical family, Mr. —— assured us that he knew of a man whose name was *Return Jonathan Meigs;* and —— swore to one in New York called *Alonzo Leontes Agamemnon Beaugardus.* I have myself seen *a Harmanus Boggs, Aquila Jones,* and *Alpheus Brett;* but I have not been favoured with an acquaintance with any such names as they quoted. —— appears to me altered since I saw him in England. He was always silent, and quiet, and gentle, but there was an air of complacency and contented cheerfulness about him, which I think he has very much lost: he looks sad and careworn. I was sorry to see it. After dinner sat writing journal. Mr. —— came in and sat some time with us. He is very clever and agreeable, and I like him greatly.

Wednesday, 16th.

After breakfast went to rehearsal. At half past twelve Mr. —— came to ride with me. The horse he had gotten for me was base; but never mind, the day was exquisitely mild and bright,—the sort of early spring-feeling day, when in England the bright gold, and pale, delicate violet of the crocus buds begin to break the rich, dark mould, and the fragrant gummy leaves of the lilac bushes open their soft, brown folds. We had a very pleasant ride through some pretty woodlands on the opposite side of the river. At half past five went to the theatre. The play was the Hunchback: the house was crowded. In the last scene Master Walter upbraided me thus:

> The engineer
> Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tow'r,
> And smiling at it, bids the winds and waves

To roar and whistle now—but in a night
Beholds the tempest sporting in its place,
May look *agash* as I did.

Also in the exclamation—

Fathers, make straws your children : nature's nothing,-
Blood nothing: once in other veins it flows
It no more *yawneth* for the parent flood
Than doth the stream that from the stream disparts.

Mr. —— and —— came in after the play. We had a discussion as to how far real feeling enters into our scenic performances. 'Tis hard to say : the general question it would be impossible to answer, for acting is altogether a monstrous anomaly. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were always in earnest in what they were about; Miss O'Neill used to cry bitterly in all her tragedy parts; whilst Garrick could be making faces and playing tricks in the middle of his finest points, and Kean would talk gibberish while the people were in an uproar of applause at his. In my own individual instance, I know that sometimes I could turn every word I am saying into burlesque, (*never* Shakspeare, by the bye,) and at others my heart aches, and I cry real, bitter, warm tears, as earnestly as if I was in earnest.

Thursday, 17th.

Sat writing journal till twelve o'clock, when we went to Mr. ——'s. Took him up, and thence proceeded to the Presidency to be presented in due form. His excellency Andrew Jackson, is very tall and thin, but erect and dignified in his carriage—a good specimen of a fine old well-

battered soldier. His hair is very thick and grey: his manners are perfectly simple and quiet, therefore very good; so are those of his niece, Mrs. ——, who is a very pretty person, and lady of the house, Mrs. Jackson having been dead some time. He talked about South Carolina, and entered his protest against scribbling ladies, assuring us that the whole of the present southern disturbances had their origin in no larger a source than the nib of the pen of a lady. Truly, if this be true, the lady must have scribbled to some purpose. We sat a little more than a quarter of an hour; Mr. —— was calling at the same time.* We afterwards adjourned to Mr. ——'s house. * * * * * *

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Appointed Mr. —— to come down directly and ride with

* I am neither sufficiently interested nor sufficiently well informed in the politics of this country to have conceived any opinion of General Jackson, beyond that which the floating discussions of the day might suggest. Of his merits as a statesman I am totally incapable of judging, or of the effect which his peculiar policy is calculated to have upon the country. When first I came here I heard and saw that he was the man of the people. In the dispute with South Carolina, his firmness and decision of character struck me a good deal; and when, in consequence of the temporary distress occasioned by his alteration of the currency, a universal howl was for a short time raised against him, which he withstood without a moment's flinching, I honoured him greatly. Of his measures I know nothing, but firmness, determination, decision, I respect above all things; and if the old general is, as they say, very obstinate, why obstinacy is so far more estimable than weakness, *especially* in a ruler, that I think he sins on the right side of the question.

me. Drove with my father and Mr. —— to leave cards on ——, and then walked home. The day was bright and fine, but very cold. Habited, and at about one o'clock Mr. —— called for me. On going to the door, I found him and his horse, and a strange, tall, grey horse for me, and a young gentleman of the name of ——, to whom I understood it belonged, and whom Mr. —— introduced to me as very anxious to join my party. I was a little startled at this, as I did not quite think Mr. —— ought to have brought any body to ride with me without my leave. However, as I was riding his horse, I was just as well pleased that he was by, for I don't like having the responsibility of such valuable property as a private gentleman's horse to take care of. I told him this, alleging it as a reason for my preferring to ride an indifferent hack horse, about which I had no such anxiety. He replied that I need have none about his. I told him laughingly that I would give him two dollars for the hire of it, and then I should feel quite happy ; all which nonsense passed as nonsense should, without a comment. He is a son of ——: I thought him tolerably pleasant and well informed.

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I would have a man who lived in the wretchedest corner of the earth think his own country the first of countries, for 'tis noble and natural, one of the most respectable instincts in the human heart. We rode till half past three. The horse I was upon, was, Mr. —— assured me, an English one, but he had been long enough in this world to learn racking and forget every other more christian pace: he tired me dreadfully. After dinner wrote journal till time to go to the theatre. The play was the School

for Scandal, in the fourth act of which Joseph Surface assured me that *I was a plethora!!!* Mr. —— came in and supped with us after the play. He gave us a very interesting account of a school that had been attempted to be formed in Massachusetts, for the purpose of educating young men of the savage tribes, who were willing to become Christians, and receive instruction. It was obliged, however, to be given up, in consequence of several of them having fallen in love with and married American girls, whom they took away into the woods, many of them after they were there returning to their savage ways of living, which must have placed their wretched Christian wives in a horrible situation.

Friday, 18th.

At eleven Mr. —— called to take D—— and myself to the war office: I wanted her to see the Indian spoils there. On our way thither he read us some very pretty verses which he had written upon the subject of the "woman who spoke first." When we had seen what we wanted to see we returned home, and I began to habit. While doing so received a most comical Yankee note, signed by Mr. ——, but written, I am sure, by Captain ——, to apprize me that the former was unwell, but that he, Captain ——, would accompany me on horseback, if I pleased. The note was exquisite. I finished dressing, and then we set off. I charged Captain —— with the note, and he pleaded guilty,—the thing was evident. While we were riding, Captain —— told me sundry most exquisite native morceaux, and one thing that half-killed me with laughing. Mr. ——'s negro servant and

Mr. ——'s conversing together about me, one asked the other if he had seen me yet at the theatre, to which Mr. ——'s man replied, "No sir; I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Kemble in private society:"—he brings my horse down every morning for me! * * *

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Perhaps after all, life is worth no more than a laugh, and all its strange mysteries of sin and suffering, its summer dreams of excellence innate and to be acquired, its fond yearning affections, its deep passions, its high and glorious tendings,—all but jests to make the worldly-wise smile, and the believers in them despair. God keep me from such thoughts!—they are dreadful! * *

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After dinner wrote journal. At half past five went to the theatre: the play was the Hunchback,—the house was very good. I wonder if any body on earth can form the slightest idea of the interior of this wretched little theatre: 'tis the smallest I ever was in. The proprietors are poor, the actors poorer; and the grotesque mixture of misery, vulgarity, stage-finery, and real raggedness, is beyond everything strange, and sad, and revolting,—it reminds me constantly of some of Hogarth's pictures, and passages in Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. After the play came home and supped. By the bye, just as I had done breakfast this morning Judge —— called, who is the most exquisite original I have met with even in this land of their abundance. He gave me a long scolding for getting up so late, and assured me that I meant to settle in this country, at the same time drawing an enchanting picture

of rural happiness to the west,—a cottage by a rivulet, with two cows, and just enough to starve upon!—I think I see myself there. This sentimental prophecy was prefaced by a remark that he knew I was very romantic, and interrupted every two minutes by a dexterous expectoral interjection, which caused me nearly to jump off my chair with dismay.

Saturday, 19th.

Giorno d'orrore!—but I won't anticipate. They have settled to act Much Ado about Nothing, instead of The Inconstant. I have no clothes for Beatrice,—but that don't matter. After breakfast went to rehearsal, and then walked with my father to see a very pretty model of what is to be the town-hall. It never will be, for the corporation are as poor as *Job's kittens*, (Americanism—communicated by Captain ——,) and the city of Washington itself is only kept alive by Congress. Talking of the city of Washington,—'tis the strangest thing by way of a town, that can be fancied. It is laid out to cover, I should think, some ten miles square, but the houses are here, there, and no where; the streets, conventionally, not properly so called, are roads, crooked or straight, where buildings are *intended* to be. Every now and then an interesting gap of a quarter of a mile occurs between those houses that *are* built; in the midst of the town you can't help fancying you are in the country; and between wooden palings, with nothing to be seen on either side but cedar bushes and sand, you are informed you are in the midst of the town. The Elysian fields is a broken patch of moorland, sand, and gravel; the Jardin des

Plantes is a nursery-ground full of slips of shrubs a foot and a half high ; the Tiber, alias Goose Creek, is an unhappy-looking ditch ;—and Washington altogether struck me as a rambling, red-brick image of futurity, where nothing *is*, but all things *are to be*. Came home and habited ; at half past twelve, Captain —— came for me ; just as we were going, —— called. He was on horseback, and asked leave to join us, which I agreed to very readily. He was pilot, and led us round and about through the woods, and across the waters, all of which, as Captain —— observed, was in the day's work. We returned at half past three. Directly after dinner, I set out to pay sundry cards. The day had been heavenly,—bright, and warm, and balmy ; the evening was beautifully soft ; and as I drove over hill and dale, marsh and moorland, through the city of Washington, paying my cards, the stars came out one after another in the still sky, and the scattered lights of the town looked like a capricious congregation of Jack-o'-lanthorns, some high, some low, some here, some there, showing more distinctly by the dark spaces between them, the enormous share that emptiness has in the congressional city. One of my visits lay nearly three miles out of town, so that I was not back until six o'clock. As I came rushing along the corridor, I met D—— coming to meet me, who exclaimed, with an air of mingled horror and satisfaction, " Oh, here you are !—here is coffee and Mr. —— waiting for you !" I went into the room, and found a goodly-looking personage, old enough to know better, sitting with my father, who appeared amazingly disturbed, held an open letter in his hand, and exclaimed, the moment I came in, " There, sir, there is the young lady to speak for herself." I courtesied, and sat down.

"Fanny," quoth my father, "something particularly disagreeable has occurred,—pray, can you call to mind anything you said during the course of your Thursday's ride, which was likely to be offensive to Mr. ——, or anything abusive of this country?" As I have already had sundry specimens of the great talent there is for tattle in the exclusive coteries of this gossiping new world, I merely untied my bonnet, and replied, that I did not at that moment recollect a word that I had said during my whole ride, and should certainly not give myself any trouble to do so. "Now my dear," said my father, his own eyes flashing with indignation, "don't put yourself into a passion; compose yourself and recollect. Here is a letter I have just received." He proceeded to read it, and the contents were to this effect—that during my ride with Mr. —— I had said I did not choose to ride an American gentleman's horse, and *had offered him two dollars for the hire of his;* that moreover, I had spoken most derogatorily of America and Americans; in consequence of all which, if my father did not give some explanation, or make some apology to the public, I should certainly be hissed off the stage, as soon as I appeared on it that evening. This was pleasant. I stated the conversation as it had passed, adding, that as to any sentiments a person might express on any subject; liberty of opinion, and liberty of speech, were alike rights which belonged to every body, and that, with a due regard to good feeling, and good breeding, they were rights which nobody ought, and I never would forego. Mr. —— opened his eyes. I longed to add that any conversation between me and any other person was nobody's business but mine, and his or hers, and that the whole thing was on the part of the young gentleman con-

cerned, the greatest piece of blackguardism, and on that of the old gentleman concerned, the greatest piece of twaddle that it had ever been my good fortune to hear of. "For," said Mr. ——, "not less than *fifty* members of Congress have already mentioned the matter to me." Fifty old gossiping women! why the whole thing is for all the world like a village tattle in England, among half a dozen old wives round their tea-pots. All Washington was in dismay; and my evil deeds and evil words were the town talk,—fields, gaps, marshes, and all, rang with them. This is an agreeable circumstance, and a display of national character highly entertaining and curious.* It gave

* The national vanity of the French, and pride and prejudice of the English, are proverbial; it is, however, fortunate for both that they carry these qualities to such an excess, that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to shake the good opinion which they entertain of themselves. Thus, foreigners may visit England, as Frenchmen have done, and swear that the sun never shines there, and that the only ripe fruit the country affords, is roasted apples. John Bull, nothing wrath, wraps himself still closer in his own dear self-approval, and in the plenitude of self-content, drinks his brown stout, and basks by gas-light. On his part, he goes over to Paris, votes the whole *beau pays de France* horrible, because he can't get port wine to drink, or boiled potatoes to eat, in spite of which Monsieur does not attempt to turn him out of his country, but eats his ragouts, and drinks his chably, and shrugs his shoulders at the savage islander, from the seventh heaven of self-satisfaction. It were much to be desired that Americans had a little *more* national vanity, or national pride. Such an unhappily sensitive community surely never existed in this world; and the vengeance with which they visit people for saying they don't admire or like them, would be really terrible if the said people were but as mortally afraid of abuse as they seem to be. I would not advise either Mrs. Trollope, Basil Hall, or Captain

me at the time, however, a dreadful side-ache, and nervous cough. I went to the theatre, dressed, and came on the stage in the full expectation of being hissed off it, which is a pleasant sensation, very, and made my heart full of bitterness to think I should stand,—as no woman ought to stand,—the mark of public insult. However, no such thing occurred,—I went on and came off without any such trial of my courage; but I had been so much annoyed, and was still so indignant, that I passed the intervals between my scenes in crying,—which, of course, added greatly to the mirth and spirit of my performance of Beatrice. In the middle of the play, Mr. ——, and Captain —— came behind the scenes, and then, indeed, I *was* quite glad to see Englishmen; though their compassionate sympathies for my wrongs, and tender fears lest I should catch cold behind those horrid scenes, very nearly set me off crying again. A soft word, when one is in deep commiseration of oneself, is very apt to open the flood-gates, but I was

Hamilton ever to set their feet upon this ground again, unless they are ambitious of being stoned to death. I live myself in daily expectation of martyrdom: and as for any body attempting to earn a livelihood here who has but as much as said he prefers the country where he was born to this, he would stand a much better chance of thriving if he were to begin business after confinement in the penitentiary. This unhappy species of irritability is carried to such a degree here, that if you express an unfavourable opinion of anything, the people are absolutely astonished at your temerity. I remember, to my no little amusement, a lady saying to me once, "I hear you are going to abuse us dreadfully; of course, you'll wait till you go back to England, and then shower it down upon us finely." I assured her I was not in the least afraid of staying where I was, and saying what I thought at the same time.

ashamed to cry before them, so tried to keep my heart-swellings down. When the play was over, came home. Mr. —— came and supped with us. By the bye, he called this morning before I went out riding, and expressed many sorrows at our departure. He is a clever and extremely well-informed man, and I like him very much. When he was gone, sat talking over the —— affair. My father was in a greater passion than I think I ever saw him before. I am sure I would not have warranted one of that worthy young gentleman's bones, if he had fallen in with him. I am very glad he did not; for, to knock a man down, even though he does deserve it, is a serious matter rather.

Wednesday, 30th, Philadelphia.

After breakfast practised for an hour: wrote journal. Mr. ——, the wild-eyed, flowing-haired, white-waistcoated, velvet-collared, —— —— called upon me. He sat some time asking me questions; but, since the —— affair, I have grown rather afraid of opening my mouth, and he had the conversation chiefly to himself. Finished journal; dined at half past three: after dinner went and sat with Mrs. ——. One Mr. ——, a Boston man who was at Mrs. ——'s ball last night, was in her room. I was introduced to him, and he spoke of the ——'s. *

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Sat with them till coffee-time. Went to the theatre at half past five. It poured with rain, in spite of which the

house was very good: the play was Fazio. When I came on in my fine dress, at the beginning of the second act, the people hailed me with such a tremendous burst of applause, and prolonged it so much, that I was greatly puzzled to imagine what on earth possessed them. I concluded they were pleased with my dress, but could not help being rather amused at their vehement and continued clapping, considering they had seen it several times before. However, they ceased at last, and I thought no more about it. Towards the time for the beginning of the third act, which opens with my being discovered waiting for Fazio's return, as I was sitting in my dressing-room working, D—— suddenly exclaimed, "Hark!—what is that?" —— opened the door, and we heard a tremendous noise of shouts and of applause. "They are waiting for you, certainly," said D——. She ran out, and returned, saying, "the stage is certainly waiting for you, Fanny, for the curtain is up." I rushed out of the room, but on opening the door leading to the stage, I distinctly heard my father's voice addressing the audience. I turned sick with a sort of indefinite apprehension, and on inquiry found that at the beginning of the play a number of hand-bills had been thrown into the pit, professing to quote my conversation with Mr. —— at Washington, and calling upon the people to resent my conduct in the grossest and most vulgar terms. This precious document had, it seems, been brought round by somebody to my father, who immediately went on with it in his hand, and assured the audience that the whole thing was a falsehood. I scarce heard what he said, though I stood at the side scene: I was crying dreadfully with fright and indigna-

tion. How I wished I was a caterpillar under a green gooseberry-bush! * * * * *

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Oh, how I did wince to think of going on again after this scene, though the feeling of the audience was most evident; for all the applause I had fancied they bestowed upon my dress, was, in fact, an unsolicited testimony of their disbelief in the accusation brought against me. They received my father's words with acclamations; and when the curtain drew up, and I was discovered, the pit rose and waved their hats, and the applause was tremendous. I was crying dreadfully, and could hardly speak; however, I mastered myself and went on with my part,—though, what with the dreadful exertion that it is in itself, and the painful excitement I had just undergone, I thought I should have fainted before I got through with it. *

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Saturday, February 2d.

After breakfast —— called to see how I did after my walk: he sat for some time. At twelve went out paying bills and calls; bought a German eolina; sat some time with old Mrs. ——, and spent a delightful hour with Mr. —— and his family. He is a most agreeable person, but he thinks too well of acting. Came home; dined at three; Mr. and Mrs. —— dined with us. After dinner went into her room, and remained there till time to go to the theatre. Young —— and Dr. —— came in. The play was the Gamester: it was my benefit, and I am

afraid the good folks who addressed that amiable placard to the public will have been rather ill satisfied with their suggestion about my benefit. The house was literally crammed, in consequence of that very circumstance,—crammed is the word. When the curtain drew up, they applauded me without end, and I courtesied as profoundly as I was able; indeed, I am extremely obliged to this same excellent public, for they have testified most satisfactorily every way, the kindest feeling possible for me, and the most entire faith in my good behaviour. I did not play well, my voice was so dreadfully affected by my cough.

Monday, 4th.

Dined at three. After dinner Mrs. —— came into our room, where I sang and played till time to go to the theatre. The play was the Merchant of Venice, and Katharine and Petruchio for the farce;—my father's benefit: the house was crammed from floor to ceiling as full as it could hold: so much for the success of the hand-bills. Indeed, as somebody suggested, I think if we could find the author of that placard out, we are bound to give him a handsome reward, for he certainly has given us two of the finest benefits that ever were seen. I heard that a man said the other day that he should not be surprised if *my father had got the whole of this up himself.* Oh, day and night! that such thoughts should come into any human being's head.* At the end, the people shouted

* I have been assured, I know not how truly, that the whole of this affair originated with an *Englishman.* This piece of information was given me by a person who said he knew such to be the fact, and also knew the man.

and shrieked for us. He went on, and made them a speech, and I went on and made them a courtesy; and certainly they do deserve the civillest of speeches, and lowest of courtesies from us, for they have behaved most kindly and courteously to us, and for mine own good part, I love the whole city of Philadelphia from this time forth, for ever more.* Mr. —— came round to the stage door to

* It may not be amiss here to say one word with regard to the *gratitude* which audiences in some parts of the world claim from actors, and about which I have lately heard a most alarming outcry. Do actors generally exercise their profession to please themselves and gratify their own especial delight in self-exhibition? Is that profession in its highest walks one of small physical exertion and fatigue, (I say nothing of mental exertion) and in its lower paths is it one of much gain, glory, or ease? Do audiences, on the other hand, use to come in crowds to playhouses to see indifferent performers? and when there do they out of pure charity and good-will, bestow their applause as well as their money upon tiresome performances?—I will answer these points as far as regards myself, and therein express the gratitude which I feel towards the frequenters of theatres. I individually disliked my profession, and had neither pride nor pleasure in the exercise of it. I exercised it as a matter of necessity, to earn my bread,—and verily it was in the sweat of my brow. The parts which fell to my lot were of a most laborious nature, and occasioned sometimes violent mental excitement, always immense physical exertion, and sometimes both. In those humbler walks of my profession, from whose wearisomeness I was exempted by my sudden favour with the public, I have seen, though not known, the most painful drudgery,—the most constant fatigue,—the most sad contrast between real cares and feigned merriments,—the most anxious penurious and laborious existence imaginable. For the part of my questions which regarded the audiences, I have only to say, that I never knew, saw, heard or read of any

bid us good-night; and as we drove off, a whole parcel of folk who had gathered round the door to see us depart,

set of people who went to a play-house to see what they did not like; this being the case it never occurred to me that our houses were full but as a necessary consequence of our own attraction, or that we were applauded, but as the result of our own exertions. I was glad the houses were full, because I was earning my livelihood, and wanted the money; and I was glad the people applauded us, because it is pleasant to please, and human vanity will find some sweetness in praise, even when reason weighs its worth most justly. Thus I cannot say that in general I had any great *gratitude* towards my audiences. Once or twice, however, that feeling was excited between me and my witnesses, and the circumstance of which I have spoken in my journal, was one of the instances. But this was a different matter altogether. I was no longer before an audience labouring for their approbation as an actress. I was dragged before so many judges in my own person, to answer for words spoken in private conversation. The same clapping of hands with which they rewarded my exertions in my profession, was the only method by which they could intimate the "not guilty," which was their judgment upon the appeal that had been made to them against me; but with this difference, that I never felt *obliged* to them, or *grateful* for their applause before, and did feel obliged and grateful for their verdict then. Now, as regards the benefit-nights of actors, I do not observe that even on these occasions much *gratitude* is owing to the people who attend them; for I know, and so does every member of the profession, that the oldest and best actor on any stage,—the one who for a series of years has appeared before audiences to whom his private respectability and worth were well known,—the longest established *favourite* of the public, (as they are termed,) will assuredly have empty houses on his benefit-nights, if, trusting to the feeling of that public, to whom he owes so much gratitude, he failed to secure the assistance of whatever star, (tragedian, pantomimist, or dancing

set up a universal hurrah! How strange a thing it is, that popular shout. After all, Pitt or Canning could get no more for the finest oratory that human lips ever uttered, or the wisest policy that human brain ever devised. Sometimes they got the reverse; but then the *hereafter*—there's the rub! Praise is so sweet to me that I would have it lasting: above all, I would wish to feel that I deserved it. I must do so if I am to value it a straw; and acting, even the best that ever was seen, is, to my mind, but a poor claim to approbation. I think the applause of an audience in a play-house should be reckoned with the

dog, it matters not which,) happens to be the newest object of attraction. I speak all this more particularly as regards this country; for it is here that I have heard most of this species of cant. Gratitude is a good word and an excellent thing, and neither in speaking or acting should it be misapplied. In the aristocratical lands over the water, this nonsense about patronage might surprise one less; but in America it seems strange there should be any mistake about a simple matter of traffic—'tis nothing in life else. We give our health, our strength, our leisure, and our pleasure, for your money, and your applause, neither of which do we beg or borrow from you. This being the case, where lies the obligation, and where the gratitude? As to the pretty speeches which actors make when called from behind the curtain, they always appeared to me very much of the same order as advertisements in newspapers—A. D. returns his grateful acknowledgments to the public for their liberal support, etc., etc. That calling performers on after a play is a foreign, not an English custom, and, to my mind, one more honoured in the breach, than in the observance. Extraordinary occasions might warrant extraordinary demonstrations; but it is a pity to make that a common ceremony, which, rarely granted, would be a gratifying testimony of feeling, and excite rational *gratitude* in those on whom it was conferred.

friendly and favourable opinions of a good-natured tipsy man,—tis given under excitement. Oh Lord! how unsatisfactory all things are.

Wednesday, 13th,
New York.

After dinner —— came in. He sat himself down, and presently was overhead in reminiscences. His account of Tom Paine's escape from the Conciergerie, on the eve of being guillotined, was extremely interesting. His own introduction to, and subsequent acquaintance with that worthy, was equally so, and his summing up was highly characteristic. "I tell ye, madam, the saving of that man's life was an especial providence, that he might come over to this country, where his works have done so much harm, and might have done so much more, and just exemplify the result of his own principles put into practice in his own person, and show that the glorious light of reason, and the noble natural gifts of man, of which he preached so much, would neither prevent a man's becoming a drunkard and a spendthrift, nor a debased, degraded being. If Paine had been guillotined, madam, he would have been a martyr, and his works would have had ten times the power of evil they had before. But he lived to be a miserable, low unthrift, and sot, and died neglected and despised by all reputable and respectable individuals, and I say again, it was a manifest providence that he did so." We left the gentlemen to their wine for a short time, but were presently summoned back. —— had gone to the theatre. —— began his history to me, and it was, word for word, a repetition of Galt's book, except

that occasionally it was more touching. The pity of all this is, the man's own consciousness that he is a lion. His vanity is almost as amusing as his recollections are curious and interesting; and though the tears were in my eyes several times while he described the blessed time he lived with his sweet Phebe, yet at others, I could scarce help exclaiming, in the words of his own countryman, "heigh, cretur, cretur! thou hast unco plause o' thysel'!" He ended his narrative with a eulogy of women that would have warmed the heart of a stone; and to my utter surprise, addressed Mr. —— with, "Out upon ye, bachelors, all! ye throw away your lives, and your life's happiness!" This last attack of ——'s seemed too much for Mr. ——; and, as I turned to him with the tears in my eyes, to desire he would not laugh, which he was doing very heartily, he said he couldn't stand it any longer, and went away apparently more amused than edified by ——'s appeal.

Thursday, 14th.

St. Valentine's day! I wish all these pretty, golden days, which, like the flowers in the sun-dial of Linnæus, were wont so gaily to mark the flight of time, were not becoming so dim in our calendars; I wish St. Valentine's day, and May morning, and Christmas day, and New Year's day, were not putting off their holiday suits to wear the work-day russet of their drudging fellows; I wish we were not making all things, of all sorts, so completely of a neutral tint. * * * *

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I wouldn't be in the Reform Parliament of England for ten thousand pounds! ——, and ——, the bruiser, and the bankrupt! Oh, shame, England, shame!—Poor England!

A RHAPSODY.

White lady, sitting on the sea,
Tell to me, oh, tell to me,
How long shall thy reigning be,
White lady, sitting on the sea?

Long as the oak with which I'm crown'd
Shall bear one leaf above the ground,
Round which the crawling ivy's grasp
Its cursed tendrils does not clasp;
Long as one foot remains to stand
Firm on its own ancestral land;
Or one true man be left to claim
The burden of a noble name;
Long as one Gothic shrine shall rise
With 'scutcheon'd tomb, and banner'd stall,
Or the blest glances of the skies,
Through storied casements dimly fall;
Long as one heart shall beat to hear
Legends of the old, valiant time;
Long as the sabbath wind shall bear
The music of one haunting chime.

White lady, sitting on the sea,
Tell to me, oh, tell to me,
When shall thy downfalling be,
White lady, sitting on the sea?

When the vile kennel mud is thrown
Upon the ermine of the king,

And the old worships are cast down
Before a rabble's triumphing;
When toothless —— is young again
To do the mischief he but dreams,
And little —— shall make more plain
The good that glitters through his schemes;
When the steam engine of the north
Leaves making essays and wry faces;
And patriot Whigs forget the worth
Of pensions, power, pride, and places;
When, on the spot where Burke and Pitt
Earn'd their high immortality,
Boxers and bankrupts boldly sit,
Then, then shall my downfalling be.

Monday, 18th.

After breakfast went to rehearsal; came home and stitched at my *Françoise de Foix* head-dress. My father is extremely unwell; I scarce think he will be able to get through this part to-night. After dinner practised, and read a canto in Dante. It pleases me when I refer to Biagioli's notes, to find that the very lines Alfieri has noted, are those under which I have drawn my emphatic pencil marks. At half past five went to the theatre. The play was Macbeth, for my benefit: the house was very full, and I played very ill. My father was dreadfully exhausted by his work. I had an interesting discussion with Mr. —— about the costume and acting of the witches in this awful play. I should like to see them acted and dressed a little more like what they should be, than they generally are. It has been always customary,—heaven only knows why,—to make low comedians act the witches, and to dress them like old fish-women. Instead of the

wild unearthly appearance which Banquo describes, and which belongs to their most terrible and grotesquely poetical existence and surroundings, we have three jolly-faced fellows,—whom we are accustomed to laugh at, night after night, in every farce on the stage,—with as due a proportion of petticoats as any woman, letting alone witch, might desire, jocose red faces, peaked hats, and broomsticks, which last addition alone makes their costume different from that of Moll Flagon. If I had the casting of Macbeth, I would give the witches to the first melo-dramatic actors on the stage,—such men as T. P. Cooke, and O. Smith, who understand all that belongs to picturesque devilry to perfection,—and give them such dresses, as, without ceasing to be grotesque, should be a little more fanciful, and less ridiculous than the established livery; something that would accord a little better with the blasted heath, the dark, fungus-grown wood, the desolate, misty hill-side, and the flickering light of the cauldron cave.† * *

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† I would recommend Retsch's etchings of Macbeth to the study of all representatives of the witches: there is great sublimity and fearfulness in their figures and attitudes. By the bye, in looking over those unique etchings, (I mean *all* those he has executed,) the colossal genius of Shakspeare is brought more fully in its vastness to our conviction; for the genius of the artist, —which has fallen no whit behind the first work of one of the first men of this age,—sinks in utter impotence under the task of illustrating Shakspeare. The wonder, and the beauty, and the pity of Faust, are as strong and true in the outlines of Retsch, as in the words of Goethe—the drawings equal the poem; 'tis the highest praise they can receive: and it is only when we turn from these perfect works, to contemplate his outlines of Shakspeare,

Wednesday, 20th.

After breakfast —— and Mr. —— came. —— gave me the words and tune of a bewitching old English ballad. Mr. —— called and sat some time with me: I like him mainly,—he's very pleasant and clever. That handsome creature, Mme. ——, called with her daughter and her son-in-law. Mr. ——, and —— dined with us. After dinner came to my own room, sang over ——'s ballad, and amused myself with writing one of my own. At half past five took coffee, and off to the theatre. The house was very full; play, the Stranger: I didn't play well: I'd a gown on that did not fit me, to which species of accident our *art* is marvellously subservient; for a tight armhole shall mar the grandest passage in Queen Constance, and too long or too short a skirt keep one's heart cold in the balcony scene in Juliet. Came home; supped; finished marking the Winter's Tale. What a dense fool that fat old Johnson must have been in matters of poetry! his notes upon Shakspeare make one swear, and his summing up of the Winter's Tale is worthy of a newspaper critic of the present day,—in spirit, I mean, not language; Dr. Johnson always wrote good English.—What dry, and sapless, and dusty earth his soul must have been made of,

that we feel, by the force of comparison, how unutterably beyond all other conceptions are those of Shakspeare. Retsch's etchings, both of Hamlet and Macbeth, are, compared with his German illustrations, failures. Hamlet is the better of the two; but he seems to have quailed under the other in utter inability—Macbeth himself falls far short of all that he should be made to express; and as to Lady Macbeth, Retsch seems to have thought he had better not meddle with her.

poor fat man! After all, 'tis even a greater misfortune than fault to be so incapable of beauty. * *

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BALLAD.

The Lord's son stood at the clear spring head,
The May on the other side,
"And stretch me your lily hand," he said,
"For I must mount and ride.

"And waft me a kiss across the brook,
And a curl of your yellow hair;
Come summer or winter, I ne'er shall look
Again on your eyes so fair.

"Bring me my coal-black steed, my squire,
Bring Fleetfoot forth!" he cried;
"For three score miles he must not tire,
To bear me to my bride.

"His foot must be swift, though my heart be slow;
He carries me towards my sorrow;
To the Earl's proud daughter I made my vow,
And I must wed her to-morrow."

The Lord's son stood at the altar stone,—
The Earl's proud daughter near:
"And what is that ring you have gotten on,
That you kiss so oft and so dear?

"Is it a ring of the yellow gold,
Or something more precious and bright?—
Give me that ring in my hand to hold,
Or I plight ye no troth to-night."

"It is not a ring of the yellow gold,
But something more precious and bright;
But never shall hand, save my hand, hold
This ring by day or night."

"And now I am your wedded wife,
Give me the ring, I pray."—
"You may take my lands, you may take my life,
But never this ring away."

They sat at the board; and the lady bride
Red wine in a goblet pour'd;
"And pledge me a health, sweet sir," she cried,
"My husband and my lord."

The cup to his lips he had scarcely press'd,
When he gasping drew his breath,
His head sank down on his heaving breast,
And he said, "It is death! it is death!—

"Oh, bury me under the gay green shaw
By the brook, 'neath the heathery sod,
Where last her blessed eyes I saw,
Where her blessed feet last trod!"

Saturday, 23d.

We came home at two. —— and the horses were waiting for me: we mounted and rode down to the Hoboken ferry, where we crossed. The day was like an early day in spring in England; a day when the almond trees would all have been in flower, the hawthorn hedges putting forth their tender green and brown shoots, and the primroses gemming the mossy roots of the trees by the water-courses. The spring is backwarder here a good deal than

with us: to be sure, it is sudden compared with ours,—as my poetizing friend hath it—

> "Not with slow steps, in smiles, in tears advancing,
> But with a bound, like Indian girls in dancing."

I do not like this: I like to linger over the sweet hourly and daily fulfilment of hope, which the slow progress of vegetation in my own dear country allows one full enjoyment of; to watch the leaf from the bark, the blossom from the bud; the delicate, pale-white, peeping heads of the hawthorn, to the fragrant, snowy, delicious flush of flowering; the downy green clusters of small round buds on the apple trees, to the exquisite, rosy-tinted clouds of soft blossoms waving against an evening sky. The melted snow had made the roads all but impassable; however, the day was delightfully mild and sunny, and therefore we did not get chilled by the very temperate rate at which we were obliged to proceed. We turned off to look at the Turtle Pavilion, and pursuing the water's edge, got up upon a species of high dyke between some marshes that open into the river. Our path, however, was presently intercepted by a stile, and as the horses were not quite of the sort one could have risked a leap with, —— got off and endeavoured to lead his charger round the edge of the steep bank, but the brute refused that road, and we were forced to turn back; and after floundering about over some of the roughest, worst ground imaginable, we e'en went out of the Hoboken domain at the gate where we entered, and pursued that beautiful road overlooking the Hudson, under that fine range of cliffs which are the first idea, as it were, of the Palisadoes. We took the lower road down into the glen below Weehawk. The

sun shone gloriously: the little fairy stream that owns this narrow glade, was singing and dancing along its beautiful domain with a sweet, gleesome voice, and a succession of little sparkling breaks and eddies that looked like laughter. We left the muddy road, and turned our horses into the stream, but its bed was very stony and uneven, and we were obliged to turn out of it again. We rode like very impudent persons up to the house on the height. The house itself is too unsheltered for comfort either in summer or winter, but the view from its site is beautiful, and we had it in perfection to-day. Standing at an elevation of more than a hundred feet from the river, we looked down its magnificent, broad, silvery avenue, to the narrows—that rocky gate that opens towards my home. New York lay bright and distinct on the opposite shore, glittering like a heap of toys in the sunny distance; the water towards Sandy Hook was studded with sails, and far up on the other side the river rolled away among shores that, even in this wintry time of bare trees and barren earth, looked gay and lovely in the sunshine. We turned down again, but after crossing the bridge over the pretty brook, we took an upper path to the right, and riding through some leafless, warm, sunny woodlands, joined the road that leads to the Weehawken height, and so returned to New York. On our way, discussing the difference between religion as felt by men and women, —— agreed with me, that hardly one man out of five thousand held any distinct and definite religious belief. He said that religion was a sentiment, and that as regarded all creeds, there was no midway with them; that entire faith, or utter disbelief were the only alternatives, for that displacing one jot of any of them made the whole totter,

—which last is, in some measure, true, but I do not think it is true that religion is *only* a sentiment. There are many reasons why women are more religious than men. Our minds are not generally naturally analytical—our educations tend to render them still less so: 'tis seldom in a woman's desire, (because seldom in her capacity,) to investigate the abstract bearings of any metaphysical subject. Our imaginations are exceedingly sensitive, our subservience to early impressions, and exterior forms, proportionate; and our habits of thought, little enlarged by experience, observation, or proper culture, render us utterly incapable of almost any logical train of reasonings. With us, I think therefore, faith is the only secure hold; for disbelief acting upon mental constructions so faulty and weak, would probably engender insanity, or a thousand species of vague, wild, and mischievous enthusiasms.* I

* I wonder how long it will be before men begin to consider the rational education of the mothers of their children a matter of some little moment. How much longer are we to lead existences burdensome to ourselves and useless to others, under the influence of every species of ill training that can be imagined? How much longer are the physical evils under which our nature labours, to be increased by effeminate, slothful, careless, unwholesome habits? How much longer are our minds, naturally weakened by the action of a highly sensitive nervous construction, to be abandoned, or rather devoted to studies the least likely to strengthen and ennoble them, and render them independent, in some measure, of the infirmities of our bodies? How much longer are our imaginations and feelings to be the only portions of our spiritual nature on which culture is bestowed? Surely it were generous in those who are our earthly disposers, to do something to raise us from the state of half-improvement in which we are suffered to linger. If our capacities are inferior to those of men,

believe, too, that women are more religious than men, because they have warmer and deeper affections. There is nothing surely on earth that can satisfy and utterly fulfil the capacity for loving which exists in every woman's nature. Even when her situation in life is such as to call forth and constantly keep in exercise the best affections of her heart, as a wife, and a mother, it still seems to me as if more would be wanting to fill the measure of yearning tenderness, which, like an eternal fountain, gushes up in every woman's heart; therefore I think it is that we turn, in the plenitude of our affections, to that belief which is a religion of love, and where the broadest channel is open to receive the devotedness, the clinging, the confiding trustfulness, which are idolatry when spent upon creatures like ourselves, but become a holy worship when offered to heaven.* Nor is it only from the abundance and overflowing of our affections that we are devout; 'tis not only from our capacity of loving, but also from our capacity of suffering that our piety springs. Woman's physical existence, compared with that of man, is one of incessant endurance. This in itself begets a necessity for patience, a seeking after strength, a holding

—which I believe, as much as I believe our bodies to be inferior to theirs in strength, swiftness, and endurance,—let us not be overwhelmed with all the additional shackles that foolish and vain bringing up can add; let us at least be made as strong in body and as wise in mind as we can, instead of being devoted to spiritual, mental, and physical weakness, far beyond that which we inherit from nature.

* Was it not Mme. de Sévigné who said with such truth and bitter satire, "Mme. de —— s'est jetée dans la dévotion, c'est a dire elle a changé d'amant."

forth of the hands for support; thus, the fragile frame, the loving heart, and the ignorant mind, are in us sources of religious faith. But it often happens that those affections, so strong, so deep, so making up the sum and substance of female existence, instead of being happily employed, as I have supposed above, are converted into springs of acute suffering. These wells of feeling hidden in the soul, upon whose surface the slightest smile of affection falls like sunlight, but whose very depths are stirred by the breath of unkindness, are too often unvisited by the kindly influence of kindred sympathies, and go wearing their own channels deeper, in silence and in secrecy, and in infinite bitterness,—undermining health, happiness, the joy of life, and making existence one succession of burden-bearing days, and toilsome, aching, heavy hours. It is in this species of blight, which falls upon many women, that any religious faith becomes a refuge and a consolation, more especially that merciful and compassionate faith whose words are, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To that rest betakes itself the wearied spirit, the wounded heart; and it becomes a blessing beyond all other blessings; a source of patience, of fortitude, of hope, of strength, of endurance; a shelter in the scorching land,—a spring of water in the wilderness. * * * *

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Saturday, April 13th.

At a quarter after four drove down to the boat. —— was waiting to see us off, and —— presently made his ap-

pearance to see us on. Owing to the yesterday's boat not having sailed, it was crowded to-day, and freighted most heavily, so as to draw an unusual quantity of water, and proceed at a much slower rate than common. At a few minutes after five the huge brazen bell on deck began to toll; the mingled crowd jostled, and pushed, and rolled about; the loiterers on shore rushed on board; the bidders-farewell on board rushed on shore; D—— and I took a quiet, sunny stand away from all the confusion, and watched, from our floating palace, New York glide away like a glittering dream from before us. A floating palace indeed it was, in size and in magnificence: I never saw anything to compare with the beauty, and comfort, and largeness of all its accommodations. Our Scotch steam-boat, the United Kingdom, is a cockboat to it, and even the splendid Hudson boat, the North America, is far inferior to it in every respect, except, I believe, swiftness, —but then these Boston boats have sometimes very heavy sea to go through.* Besides the ladies' cabin, this boat is

* The cleanliness of the table furniture, and the neatness of the attendants, is one of the most essential comforts of these boats. The linen, and knives and forks, etc., at our meals, were remarkably clean and bright. On more than one occasion, too, being rather late for the public breakfast, we have been indulged with a small separate table in the quiet recess at the end of the great eating and sleeping cabin,—a favour only to be appreciated by people unaccustomed to any ordinaries, much less steam-boat dinner-tables with sometimes near two hundred guests. On board all the other boats, the only alternative is to have what you eat brought to you into the ladies' cabin. To those who have once breathed the atmosphere of a "ladies' cabin," it will be difficult to imagine how such an alternative should not be productive of an amazing saving of the boat's provisions.

furnished with half a dozen state-rooms, taken from the upper deck,—an inexpressible luxury. Into one of these our night-bags were conveyed, and we returned to the deck to watch the sun down. A strong and piercing wind blew over the waters, and almost cut me in half as I stood watching the shores, which I did not wish to lose by going in. However, I might have done so, and lost but little; for after passing Hell-gate, where the rocks in the river and the banks have rather a picturesque appearance, there was neither form nor comeliness in the flat, wearisome land to either side; and the only objects which detained me on deck were the bright blue waters themselves, all shining in the sunset, and those lovely little boats, with one mast and two glittering sails, scudding past us like fairy craft upon the burnished waves. At about eight we were summoned down to tea, which was a compound meal of tea and supper. The company was so numerous that they were obliged to lay the table twice. We waited till the crowd had devoured their feed, and had ours in comparative peace and quiet. An excellent man, by name ——, an officer in the American army, made himself known to me, considering, as he afterwards told me, his commission to be a sufficient right of introduction to any body. He was a native of Boston, and was returning to it, after an absence of *fourteen years*. * *

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Sunday, 14th.

The morning was beautifully bright and clear. While dressing heard the breakfast bell, and received sundry in-

timations to descend and eat; however, I declined leaving my cabin until I had done dressing, which I achieved very comfortably at leisure, during which time the ship weathered Point Judith, where the Atlantic comes in to the shore between the termination of Long Island and the southern extremity of Rhode Island. The water is generally rough here, and I had been prophesied an agreeable little fit of sea sickness; but no such matter,—we passed it very smoothly, and presently stopped at Newport, on Rhode Island, to leave and take up passengers. The wind was keen and bracing; the morning beautifully bright and sunny; the blue waters, all curled and crisped under the arrow-like wind, broke into a thousand sapphire ridges tipped with silver foam, that drove away in sparkling showers before the bitter breath of the north. We entered Providence river in a few moments, and steamed along between Rhode Island and the main land, until we reached Providence, a town on the shore of Rhode Island, where we were to leave the boat, and pursue our route by coach to Boston. I walked on deck with Captain —— for an hour after breakfast, breasting the wind, which almost drove us back each time we turned up the deck towards the prow. After my walk went in, righted my hair, which the wind had dressed *à la frantic*, and came and sat in the sun with Brewster's book,—which I like mainly,—till we reached Providence. The boat was so heavily laden that she drew an enormous quantity of water, and was fairly aground once, as we were nearing the pier. When the crowd of passengers had ebbed away, and we had seen them pack themselves into their stages and drive off, we adjourned to our exclusive extra, which, to our great sorrow, could not take all our luggage after

all. The distance from Providence to Boston is forty miles; but we were six hours and a half doing it over an excellent road. The weather was beautiful, but the country still sad and wintry-looking. The spring is backwarder here than in New York by full three weeks: the trees were all bare and leafless, except the withered foliage of the black oaks, and the face of the country, with its monotonous rises, and brooks flowing through flat fields, reminded me of parts of Cumberland. Every now and then, however, we came to a little lakelet, or, as they call them here, pond, of the holiest, deepest dark-blue water, sparkling like a magic sapphire, against smooth, bright, golden, sandy shores, and screened by vivid thickets of cedar bushes. They were like little bits of fairy-land, and relieved the wearisomeness of the road. As we approached Boston, the country assumed a more cultivated aspect,—the houses in the road-side villages were remarkably neat, and pretty, and cottage-like,—the land was well farmed; and the careful cultivation, and stone walls, which perform the part of hedges here, together with the bleak look of the distances on each side, made me think of Scotland. We entered Boston through a long road with houses on each side, making one fancy one's self in the town long before one reaches it. We did not arrive until half past six. Went to my own room and dressed for dinner. When I came to the drawing-room, found the ——'s: dear —— was half crazy at seeing us again. After dinner came to my room with her, and righted all my clothes, and established myself; after tea returned to the same work, and at about half past ten came to bed. Here we are in a new place!—how desolate and cheerless this constant changing of homes is: the scrip-

NORTH VIEW OF KING'S CHAPEL, TREMONT ST.

about 1830.

ture saith, "There is no rest to the wicked;" and truly, I never felt so convinced of my own wickedness as I have done since I have been in this country.

Monday, 15th.

Went over to the theatre to rehearse Fazio. Mr. ——, however, met us at the door, and assured me there was no necessity for my doing so till to-morrow. —— came early to see me, and stayed all the morning. Mr. —— called this morning,—I was quite glad to see him,—and Mrs. ——, whom I thought beautiful. Tried to finish letter to ——, but was interrupted about a dozen times. At about half past four the horses came to the door. The afternoon was lovely, and the roads remarkably good: I had a fine, handsome, spirited horse, who pulled my hands to pieces for want of being properly curbed. We rode out to *Cambridge*, the University of Massachusetts, about three miles distant from Boston. The village round it, with its white cottages, and meeting roads, and the green lawns and trees round the college, reminded me of England. We rode on to a place called Mount Auburn, a burial-ground which the Bostonians take great pride in, and which is one of the lions of the place. The entrance is a fine, solid, granite gateway, in a species of *Egyptian* style, with this inscription engraved over it: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it."* The whole place is at

* My astonishment was unfeigned, when, upon an after inspection, I found this very lofty gateway was constructed of *painted wood*. What, a cheat, a sham thing at the threshold of the grave! —surely, thereabouts pretences should have an end. Sham mag-

present in an unfinished state, but its capabilities are very great, and, as far as it has progressed, they have been taken every advantage of. The enclosure is of considerable extent,—about one hundred acres,—and contains several high hills and deep ravines, in the bottom of which are dark, still, melancholy-looking meres. The whole is cut, with much skill and good taste, by roads for carriages, and small, narrow footpaths. The various avenues are distinguished by the names of trees, as, Linden walk, Pine walk, Beech walk; and already two or three white monuments are seen glimmering palely through the woods, reminding one of the solemn use to which this ground is consecrated, which, for its beauty, might seem a pleasure-garden instead of a place of graves. Mr. —— delighted me very much: he told me he was looking for a plot of earth in this cemetery which he intended to dedicate to poor English people, who might come out here, and die without the means of being decently laid to rest. We looked, with this view, at a patch of ground on the slope of a high hill, well shadowed over with trees, and descending to a great depth to a dark pond, shining in the hollow like an emerald. 'Twas sad and touching to gaze at that earth, with the thought that amidst strangers, and in a strange land, the pity of a fellow-countryman should here allot to his brethren a grave in the quiet and solemn beauty of this hallowed ground. Our time was limited;

nificence, too, is sad; an iron railing, or a wooden paling, would, to my mind, have been a thousand times better than this *mock granite*. Let us hope that this is merely a temporary entrance, —there is *real* granite enough to be had at Quincy; and if the living can't afford it, why the dead will never miss it,—and anything would be better than an imitation gateway.

so, after lingering for a short space along the narrow pathways that wind among the dwellings of the dead, we rode home. We reached Boston at a quarter to seven. My father and D—— were already gone to the theatre. I dressed, and went over myself immediately. The play was begun: the house was not very full. The managers have committed the greatest piece of mismanagement imaginable,—they advertise my father alone in Hamlet to-night, and instead of making me play alone to-morrow night, and so securing our attraction singly before we act together, we are *both* to act to-morrow in Fazio, which circumstance, of course, kept the house thin to-night. My father's Hamlet is very beautiful. 'Tis curious, that when I see him act I have none of the absolute feeling of contempt for the profession that I have while acting myself. What he does appears indeed like the work of an artist; and though I always lament that he loves it as he does, and has devoted so much care and labour to it as he has, yet I certainly respect acting more while I am seeing him act, than at any other time.* Yet surely, after all, acting

* The spirit of man of its own dignity ennobles whatever it devotes itself to. The most trivial actions may become almost heroical from the motive which prompts them, and the most absurd ceremonies of superstition sincerely practised, may excite pity, but neither contempt nor ridicule. If such a thing as an enthusiastic shoemaker were to be met with, there is no doubt but his feeling of his craft would elevate it into something approximating an art, and his work would bear witness to his veneration for it. At the time when the stage was in its highest perfection, its members had *all* a great love and admiration for their profession; many of them were men of education and mental accomplishment, and brought to bear upon their labour all the intellectual stores which they possessed. They respected their

is nonsense, and as I sit here opposite the church-yard, it seems to me strange to think that when I come down into that darkness, I shall have eaten bread during my life, earned by such means. The Ophelia was perfectly beautiful: I think I scarcely ever saw a more faultless piece of mortality in point of outward loveliness. The eyes and brow of an angel, serene and calm, yet bright and piercing; a mouth chiselled like a Grecian piece of sculpture, with an expression of infinite refinement; fair round arms and hands, a beautifully moulded foot, and a figure that seemed to me perfectly proportioned. It did not perhaps convey to me the idea of such absolute loveliness as ——'s figure did; but altogether I think I never saw a fairer woman—it was delightful to look at her.* The audience are, upon the whole, cold—very still and attentive, however, and when they do warm it is certainly very effec-

own work, and it was respectable; they thought acting capable of elevation, of refinement, of utility, and their faith in it invested it with dignity. Of this class were all my father's family. *One* reason why the stage and everything belonging to it, has fallen to so low an ebb now, is because actors have ceased to care for their profession themselves,—they are no longer artists—acting is no longer an art.

* Besides the advantage of possessing the very prettiest collection of actresses I ever saw, the theatre at Boston has decidedly the best company I have played with *any where* out of London. Some of the old leaven alluded to in the last note exists amongst the ladies and gentlemen of the Tremont theatre: they do not seem to despise their work, and it is, generally speaking, well done therefore. Our pieces were all remarkably well got up there; and the green-room is both respectable and agreeable.

tually, for they shout and hurrah like mad. * *

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Wednesday, 17th.

Somebody very civilly has sent me that beautiful book, Roger's Italy: it set me wild again with my old frenzy for the south of Europe. Wrote to ——; after dinner practised for an hour; at half past five off to the theatre. The house was crammed: the play, the Stranger. It is quite comical to see the people in the morning at the box office: our window is opposite to it, and 'tis a matter of the greatest amusement to me to watch them. They collect in crowds for upwards of an hour before the doors open, and when the bolts are withdrawn, there is a yelling and shouting as though the town were on fire. In they rush, thumping and pummelling one another, and not one comes out without rubbing his head, or his back, or showing a piteous rent in his clothes. I was surprised to see men of a very low order pressing foremost to obtain boxes, but I find that they sell them again at an enormous increase to others who have not been able to obtain any; and the better to carry on their traffic, these worthies smear their clothes with molasses, and sugar, &c., in order to prevent any person of more decent appearance, or whose clothes are worth a cent, from coming near the box office: this is ingenious, and deserves a reward. Our other window looks out upon a large church-yard, in the midst of which stands a cenotaph, erected by Franklin in honour of his father. Between the view of the play-house, and the view of the burial-ground, my contemplations are

curiously tinged. This house, (the Tremont,) is admirably quiet and comfortable.

Thursday, 18th.

After breakfast went to rehearsal,—the School for Scandal,—however, half the people weren't there, so the rehearsal was nought. Came home, and at half past eleven rode out; the day was beautifully bright: we rode to a beautiful little mere, called Jamaica Pond, through some country very like Scotland. We turned from the road into a gentleman's estate, and rode up a green rise into an enclosed field, which commanded an extensive view of the country below. But the spring tarries still, and though her smile is in the sky, the trees are leafless, and blossomless, and wintry-looking still. We came in by a pretty village called Roxbury, about two miles and a half distant from Boston: here we stopped to get a nosegay for my Lady Teazle,* at a very pretty green-house, kept by a mechanic, who has devoted his leisure hours to the pleasurable and profitable pursuits of gardening. We returned to town at about half past two. I ran into the drawing-room, and found —— sitting with my father. * *

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Saturday, 20th.

Walked up to the State House. The day was anything but agreeable;—a tremendous high wind, (easterly of course,—'tis the only wind they have in Boston,) and a burning sun tempered only by clouds of dust, in which,

* For the evening performan

Room in Tremont House, Boston, occupied by Fanny Kemble in 1833, Mrs. Jameson in 1830, Dickens in 1842, John Wilkes and Edwin Booth, and other celebrities, including Thackeray. The building was entirely through the middle window in Horticultural Hall. The furniture, excepting the table and chairs, is modern.

Room 50. Built 1827. Destroyed 1895.

every two minutes, the whole world,—at least, as much as we could see of it,—was shrouded. On entering the hall of the State House we confronted Chantry's statue of Washington, which stands in a recess immediately opposite the entrance. I saw that, how many years ago, in his study at Pimlico! We proceeded to mount into the cupola, whence a very extensive view is obtained of the city and its surroundings,—and a cruel height it was! I began it at full speed, like a wise woman, but before I got to the top was so out of breath, that I could hardly breathe at all: defend me from such altitudes!—and after all the day was hazy and not favourable for our purpose; the wind came in through the windows of the lanthorn like a tornado; and as my father observed, after the exertion of ascending, 'twas the very best place in the world for catching one's death of cold. We came down as quickly as we could. At about twelve we rode to Mount Auburn. The few days of sunshine since we were last there, have clothed the whole earth with delicate purple and white blossoms, a little resembling the wood anemone, but growing close to the soil, and making one think of violets with their pale purple colour: they have no fragrance whatever. We afterwards rode on to a beautiful little lake called Fresh Pond, along whose margin we followed a pretty woody path: a high bank covered with black-looking pines rose immediately on our right, and on our left the clear waters of the rippling lake came dancing to and fro along the pebbly shore, which shone bright and golden under their crystal folds. We stood with our hats off to receive the soft wind upon our brows, and to listen to the chiming of the water upon the beach, the most delicious sound in all nature's orchestra. We then turned

back and rode home. By the bye, on our way out to Mount Auburn we took the Charlestown road, and rode over Bunker Hill. They have begun a monument upon the spot where General Warren was killed, to commemorate the event. I felt strangely as I rode over that ground. Mr. —— was the only American of our party, but though in the minority, he had rather the best of it. And this is where so much English blood was shed, thought I; for after all 'twas *all* English blood,—do as they can, they can never get rid of their stock: and deeply as oppression and resistance have dug the grave in which all kindred feeling seems for a time to have been buried,—'tis only, I believe and trust, for a time,—buried in blood and fierce warfare, to spring up again in peace and mutual respect. England and America ought not to be enemies, 'tis unnatural while the same language is spoken in both lands. Until Americans have found a tongue for themselves, they must still be the children of old England, for they speak the words her children speak by the fireside of her homes.* Oh, England! noble, noble land! They may be proud of many things, these inheritors of a new world, but of nothing more than that they are descended from Englishmen; that their fathers once trod the soil whereon has grown more goodness, more greatness, more beauty, and more truth, than on any other earth under God's sun.

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At half past four we went to dine with the ——'s. Their house is very pretty and comfortable. When first we went in we were shown into a couple of drawing-rooms, in which there were beautiful marble copies of one or two of the famous statues. One of Canova's dancing girls,

* Although the project of abandoning the English language for French or Hebrew was seriously discussed after the revolution, so strong was the hatred of England.

the glorious Diana, a reclining figure of Cleopatra,—an exquisite thing,—the crouching Venus, and the lovely antique Cupid and Psyche. * * * *

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'Tis strange that feelings should pass from our hearts and minds as clouds pass from the face of heaven, as though they had never been there ;—yet not so, after all ; they do not pass so tracklessly,—they do leave faint shadows behind ; they leave a darker colour upon the face of all existence : sometimes they leave a sad conviction of wasted capabilities, and time, precious time, expended in vain. Yet not in vain : even though our feelings change, —pass, perhaps to our own consciousness—cease altogether,—'tis not in vain—life is going on—experience and solemn wisdom may come with the coming time ; and existence is, after all, but a series of experiments upon our spiritual nature. Our trials vary with our years ; and though we deem, (too often rightly,) that suffering and disappointment are but barren thorns, whereon grows neither fruit nor flower, 'tis our sin that they are so, for they are designed to bear an excellent harvest. "Sweet are the uses of adversity ;" so he has said who knew all things, and so indeed to the wise they are.

Tuesday, April 30th.

We rode down to the "Chelsea Ferry," and crossed over the Charles river, where the shore opposite Boston bears the name of that refuge for damaged marine stores. The breath of the sea was delicious, as we crossed the water in one of the steam-boats constantly plying to and

Chelsea in England is the place where disabled Naval veterans find a home — hence, the saying "as dead as Chelsea" as a man is considered as good as dead, there-

fro, and on the other side, as we rode towards the beach, it came greeting us delightfully from the wide waters. When we started from Boston, the weather was intensely hot, and the day promised to be like the day before yesterday, a small specimen of the dog-days. We had about a five miles' ride through some country that reminded me of Scotland: now and then the dreary landscape was relieved by the golden branches of a willow tree, and the delicate, pale peach blossoms, and tiny white buds in the apple orchards, peeping over some stone dyke, like a glance over the wall from the merry, laughing spring. So we reached Chelsea beach, a curving, flat, sandy shore, forming one side of a small bay which runs up between this land and a rocky peninsula that stretches far out into the ocean, called Nahant. At the extremity of the basin lay glimmering a white, sunny town, by name *Lynn;*—'tis quite absurd the starts and stares which the familiar names cause one for ever to make here. This small bay is beautifully smooth and peaceful, the shore is a shelving reach of hard, fine sand, nearly two miles long, and the wild waves are warded off in their violence from it by the rocky barrier of Nahant. How happy I was to see the beautiful sea once more,—to be once more galloping over the golden sands,—to be once more wondering at and worshipping the grandeur and loveliness of this greatest of God's marvellous works. How I do love the sea!—my very soul seems to gather energy, and life, and light, from its power, its vastness, its bold, bright beauty, its fresh, invigorating airs, its glorious, triumphant, rushing sound. The thin, thin rippling waves came like silver leaves spreading themselves over the glittering sand with just a little, sparkling, pearly edge, like the cream of a bright

glass of champagne. Close along the shore the water was of that pale, transparent green colour, that blends so delicately with the horizon, sometimes, at sunset; but out beyond, towards the great deep, it wore that serene and holiest blue that surrounds one in mid-ocean, when the earth is nearly as far below as the heaven seems high above us. For a short time my spirits seemed like uncaged birds; I rejoiced with all my might,—I could have shouted aloud for delight; I galloped far along the sand, as close in to the water's restless edge as my horse would bear to go. But the excitement died away, and then came vividly back the time when last I stood upon the sea beach at Cramond, and lost myself in listening to that delicious sound of the chiming waters—I was many years younger then.

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The end of my ride was sadder than the beginning, for at first my senses alone took cognizance of what surrounded me, and afterwards my soul looked on it, and it grew dark. We rode two miles along the beach, and stopped at a little wooden hut, where, Mr. —— told me, sportsmen, who come to shoot plover along the flats by the shore, resort to dress their dinners and refresh themselves. Here we dismounted: lay in the sun on the roof with the fresh, sweet, blessed breath of heaven fanning us. My horse thought proper to break his bridle and walk himself off through the fields: they followed him with corn, and various inducements; —— and I, mean time, ran down to the water, collecting interesting relics, muscle shells, quartz, pebbles, and sea-weed; finally we remounted and returned home. The weather had changed

completely and become quite bleak and cold: the variations of the climate in this place are terrible. As we rode down a pleasant lane towards the Salem road, we met a large crowd of country-people busily employed in raising the framework of a house. In this part of the country, the poorer class of people build their houses, or rather, the wooden frames of their houses, entirely before they set them up. When the skeleton is entirely finished they call together all their neighbours to assist in the raising, which is an event of much importance, and generally ends in a merry-making. The filling up the outline of the habitation, which they do with boards here, is an after work: the frame seems to be the material part of the building, and slight enough too, I thought, for protection against these bitter east winds. We reached home at about half past two.—The play was Much Ado about Nothing: the house was spoilt by the fair which the ladies have been getting up for the blind here, and which was lighted and open for inspection previous to to-morrow, when the sale is to take place. * * * * *

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LINES.

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Am reading, too, my book of memory:
With eyelids clos'd, over the crested foam,
And the blue, marbled sea, I seek my home.
All present things forgotten, on the shore
Of the romantic Forth I stand once more;
Once more I hear the waves' harmonious strife;
Once more, upon the mountain coast of Fife,

I see the chequer'd lights and shadows fall.
Upon the sand crumbles the ruin'd wall
That guards no more the desolate demesne,
And the deserted mansion. High between
The summer clouds the Ochel hills arise;
And far, far, like a shadow in the skies,
Ben Lomond tow'rs aloft in sovereign height.
O, Cramond beach! are thy sands still as bright—
Thy waters still as sunny,—thy wild shore
As lonely and as lovely as of yore?—
Haunts of my happy time! as wandering back
Along my life, on memory's faithful track,
How fair ye seem,—how fair, how dear ye are!
Ye need not to be gazed at from afar;
Deceptive distance lends no brighter hue;
Your beauty and your peacefulness were true.
Not yours the charms from which we wearied stray,
And own them only when they're far away.
O, be ye blest for all the happiness
Which I have known in your wild loneliness.
Old sea, whose voice yet chimes upon my ear,—
Old paths, whose every winding step was dear,—
Dark, rocky promontories,—echoing caves,
Worn hollow by the white feet of the waves,—
Blue, lake-like waters,—legend-haunted isle,
Over ye all, bright be the summer's smile;
And gently fall the winter on your breast,
Haunts of my youth, my memory's place of rest.

Wednesday, May 1st.

Mr. —— came in the morning, and I settled to call down at eleven for Mrs. —— to go to the fair. We drove to Faneuil Hall, a building opposite the market, which was appropriated to the uses of the fair; but the crowd was so

dense round the steps, that we found it impossible to approach them, and wisely gave up the attempt, determining to take our drive and then come back and try our later fortune. We drove down to the Chelsea beach. The day was bleak and cold, though bright, with a cutting east wind. After taking a good race along the bright, creaming edge, we returned to the carriage, and drove into town again to the fair, which we managed at last to enter. The whole thing was crowd, crush, and confusion, to my bewildered eyes. We got upon a platform behind the stalls, and squeezed our way to Mrs. ——'s shop, where my father had desired me to buy him a card-case, which I did. I found —— installed in her stall. —— joined us, and Mr. ——, who drew me away to his wife's table, where I bought one or two things, and having emptied my purse, came away. After dinner Mr. —— came in: he showed us some things he had bought at the fair. I thought the prices enormous, but the money is well spent in itself, or rather, on its ultimate object, and the immediate return is of no import.

Thursday, 2d.

After breakfast went over to rehearsal; at half past eleven went out to ride; the day was heavenly bright and mild, with a full, soft, sweet spring breeze blowing life and health over one. The golden willow trees were all in flower, and the air, as we rode by them, was rich with their fragrance. The sky was as glorious as the sky of Paradise; the whole world was full of loveliness; and my spirits were in most harmonious tune with all its beauty. We rode along the chiming beach, talking gravely of many

matters, temporal and spiritual, and when we reached the pines, I dismounted, entreated for a scrap of paper, and in the miserable little parlour of this miserable little mansion, sat down and scribbled some miserable doggrel to ease my heart. How beautiful the scene around me was! —the bright, boundless sea, smooth as a sapphire, except at the restless, rippling edge; the serene, holy sky looking down so earnestly and gently on the flowering earth; the reviving breeze, dipping like a bird its fresh wings into the water,—how beautiful all things did seem to me, —how full of witnesses of the great power and goodness that created them. Why is it that clouds ever come between us and God when there are seasons like this, when we seem to sit at his very feet,—when his glory and his mercy seem the atmosphere we are breathing, and our whole existence is lifted, for a time into the reality of all we hope and pray for? Yet these are but passing emotions: they are not indeed the very spirit of God,—they are but reflections of his image caught from the glorious mirror of nature. The sky becomes cloudy,—the sea stormy; the blossoming and the bearing season pass away, and winter comes apace, with withered aspect, and bitter, biting breath; the face of the universe becomes dark, and the trust, and faith, and joy of our souls, fade into doubt, disbelief, and sorrow. Infirmity and imperfection pluck us back from our heavenward flight, and the weight of our mortality drags us down fast, fast again towards the earth. These fair, outward creatures, and the blessed emotions they excite, will pass away,—must—do pass away,—and where is the abiding revelation of God to which we shall turn? It lives for ever, in the still burning light of a strong and steadfast soul; in the resolute will

and high unshaken purpose of good; in the quiet, calm, collected might of reason; in the undying warmth and brightness of a pure and holy heart. * * *

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My ride did me ten thousand goods. As we were riding through Mrs. ——'s farm, a little boy came running to meet me with his hand full of beautiful flowers, which he stood up on tiptoe to thrust into my hand, and without waiting to be thanked, rushed back into the house. I was delighted: the flowers were exquisite, and the manner of the gift very enchanting. Altogether, I do not know when I have been so completely filled with pleasurable emotions as during this ride. * * *

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LINES.

To the smooth beach, the silver sea
Comes rippling in a thousand smiles,
And back again runs murmuringly,
To break around yon distant isles.
The sunshine, through a floating veil
Of golden clouds, looks o'er the wave,
And gilds, far off, the outline pale,
Of many a rocky cape and cave.
The breath of spring comes balmily
Over the newly blossom'd earth;
The smile of spring, on sea, and sky,
Is shedding light, and love, and mirth.
I would that thou wert by my side,
As underneath the rosy bloom
Of flowering orchard trees I ride,
And drink their fragrant, fresh perfume;

I would that thou wert by my side,
To feel this soft air on thy brow,
And listen to the chiming tide
Along that smooth shore breaking now;
I would that thou wert here to bless,
As I do now, the love and care,
That with such wealth of loveliness,
Have made life's journeying-land so fair.

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I have taken several enormous rides round Boston, and am more and more delighted with its environs, which are now in full flush of blossoming, as sweet, and fresh, and lovely as anything can be. On Saturday rode to the Blue Hills, a distance of upwards of twelve miles. The roads round this place are almost as good as roads in England, and the country altogether reminds me of that dear little land.* These Blue Hills were, a few years ago, a wilder-

* To the English traveller, around whose heart the love of country and the influences of early association may yet cling, New England appears to me, of all the portions of the United States which I have visited, most likely to afford gratification; and the *Yankees*,—properly so called,—the Americans with whom he will find, and towards whom he will feel most sympathy. They do us the honour to call themselves *purely English* in their origin; they alone, of the whole population of the United States, undoubtedly were so; and in the abundant witness which their whole character, country, and institutions bear to that fact, I feel an additional reason to be proud of England,—of Old England, for these are her children,—this race of men, as a race incomparably superior to the other inhabitants of this country. In conversing with New Englandmen, in spite of any passing, temporary bitterness, any political difference, or painful reference

ness of forest,—the favourite resort of rattlesnakes; but the trees have been partly cleared, and though 'tis still a

to past times of enmity, I have always been struck with the admiring, and in some measure, tender feeling with which England, as the mother country, was named. Nor is it possible to travel through the New England states and not perceive, indeed, a spirit, (however modified by different circumstances and institutions,) yet most truly English in its origin. The exterior of the houses, —their extreme neatness and cleanliness,—the careful cultivation of the land,—the tasteful and ornamental arrangement of the ground immediately surrounding the dwellings, that most English of all manifestations,—above all, the church spires pointing towards heaven, from the bosom of every village,—recalled most forcibly to my mind my own England, and presented images of order, of industry, of taste, and religious feeling, nowhere so exhibited in any other part of the Union. I visited Boston several times, and mixed in society there, the tone of which appeared to me far higher than that of any I found elsewhere. A general degree of cultivation exists among its members, which renders their intercourse desirable and delightful. Nor is this superior degree of education confined to Boston; the zeal and the judgment with which it is being propagated throughout that part of the country, is a noble national characteristic. A small circumstance is a good illustration of the advance which knowledge has made in these states. Travelling by land from New Haven to Boston, at one of the very smallest places where we stopped to change horses, I got out of the carriage to reconnoitre our surroundings. The town, (if town it could be called,) did not appear to contain much more than fifty houses: amongst the most prominent of these, however, was a bookseller's shop. The first volumes I took up on the counter, were Spurzheim's volume on education, and Dr. Abercrombie's works on the intellectual and moral faculties. I saw more pictures, more sculptures, and more books in private houses in Boston than I have seen any where else. I could name more men of marked talent that I met with

wild, desolate region, clothed with firs, and uncheered by a human habitation, its more savage tenants have disappeared with the thick coverts in which they nestled, and we rode to the summit of the highest hill without seeing anything in the shape of Eve's enemy. At the top, by the bye, we did find some species of building in decay and ruin. Whoever perched himself up there had no mind to be overlooked, and must have been fond of fresh air. The view from the mountain is magnificent, yet I do not believe the elevation to be very extraordinary; although as I looked down it seemed to me as though the world was stretched at my feet,—and I thought of the temptation of our Saviour. The various villages, with their blossoming orchards, looked like patches of a snow-scene; the river wound, like a silver snake, all round the fields; the little lakes lay diminished to drops of bright blue light; and the lesser mountains rose below us like the waves of a dark sea. The whole was strange and awful to me,—the savage loneliness of the place, its apparent remoteness from the earth and its walkers, filled me with a solemn sensation. Had I been there alone, I do not know a place where I should sooner have expected to meet some of the wandering spirits of mid-air,—shapes, and sights, and beings of another order from those of the world, that lay like a map below me. The mountain itself is formed of granite, of which large slabs appeared through

there than any where else. Its charitable and literary institutions are upon a liberal scale, and enlightened principles. Among the New Englanders I have seen more honour and reverence of parents, and more witnesses of a high religious faith, than among any other Americans with whom I have lived and conversed.

the turf and brushwood. I looked in vain for what I found in such abundance on the Portland hill, the sweet, wild thyme. I thought I should find some of it among the stony rifts, where it loves to cling, but I was disappointed. Indeed, I met with a much more severe disappointment than that. The turf was thickly strewn with clumps of violets, the very same in form and colour as our own sweet wood violet. I stooped in an ecstasy to gather them, but found they were totally scentless--mere pretences of violets. A violet without fragrance! a wild one, too!—the thing's totally unnatural. I flung the little purple cheat away in a rage. I have since found cowslips with the same entire absence of fragrance. The heat and cold of this climate chill or wither everything, and almost all the flowers which are most common and sweet, growing in the moist soil of England, seem reared with difficulty here, and lose their great fragrance, their soul, as it were, under the extreme influences of this sky.* There were many wild things growing on this mountain,

* There are, I believe, no primroses, no wild thyme, and no heather, that grow naturally in this country. I do not remember to have seen either wild honeysuckle, or clematis, both of which are so abundant with us. The laurestinus, rosemary, southernwood, and monthly roses, all of which are so common in England, growing out of doors all the year round, are kept in hothouses during the winter, even as far south as Philadelphia. The common garden flowers—roses, pinks, are far less abundant and less fragrant than with us. Sweet peas, and mignionette, are comparatively scarce; serynga, and laburnum, I have never seen at all: but so little care is bestowed upon ornamental gardening that I do not know whether this dearth of flowers is the fault of the climate, or the consequence of the utter neglect in which flower-gardens are held here.

Seringas grow beside here
one aunt's grave in Mt. Auburn.
Cambridge, Mass.

that for beauty, and delicacy of form and colour, would have found honourable place in our conservatories, but they had not the slightest perfume, and I took no delight in them. A scentless flower is a monster; and though I acknowledge with due admiration the pale beauty of that queen of flowers, the camelia, I never see it in its cold, pearl-like pride of bloom, that it does not strike me like a fine lady,—an artificial creature, fair indeed to behold, but without the very property of a flower—sweetness. Oh, the lilies of the valley,—the primroses,—the violets,—the sweet, sweet hawthorn,—the fresh fragrant blush rose,—the purple lilac bloom,—the silver serynga,—the faint breathing hyacinths,—the golden cowslips, of a morning at the close of May in England!—the fulness of sweetness that loads the temperate air, as it breathes over the fresh lawns of that flower-garden! * *

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I took another long ride to a quarry ten miles distant from Boston, whence the granite, which is much used in Boston for building, is drawn. I started at six in the morning, and rode about twenty miles before breakfast, which I think was a piece of virtue bordering upon heroism: to be sure, I had my reward, for anything so sweet as the whole world, at about half past six, I never beheld. The dew was yet fresh upon tree and flower,—the roads were shady and cool,—the dust had not yet been disturbed; a mild, soft, full breeze blew over the flowery earth, and the rosy apple blossoms stirred on the rocking boughs against the serene and smiling sky. They have in this country neither nightingales, thrushes, linnets, nor blackbirds,—at least, none with the same notes as ours; but

every now and then, from the snowy cherry trees, there came a wild snatch of trilling melody, like the clear ringing song of a canary bird. My companion did not know the minstrel by his note, but I never heard a more brilliant and joyful strain, or one more fitted to the bright hour of opening day,—always excepting the lark's, that triumphant embodied spirit of song.* The blackbird's song is to me the sweetest in the world,—sad, and soft, and rich as the sunsets through which it is heard. The quarry which we visited is an extensive vein of fine, dark-coloured granite. We dismounted and walked among the workmen to see them at their various processes. This quarry, and one at a short distance, merely supply the blocks of granite, which, being detached from the main stone, are piled upon cars, and sent down an inclined plane to the rail-road, by means of a powerful chain, which acts at once as a support and check, suffering the load to proceed slowly down the declivity, and at the same time sending up from the bottom, upon another track, the empty car, from which the granite has been unloaded below, as the buckets of a well are drawn up and down. A very serious accident occurred here, by the bye, to a party of gentlemen, among whom Mr. —— was one. They had placed themselves in the empty car at the bottom of the inclined pline, and were being slowly drawn up, as the car loaded with granite descended on the other track. Just as they were approaching the summit, the chain by which the car was drawn up, gave way, and it rolled backwards down the plane with fearful velocity, and starting off the

* Lacking the nightingale and the lark, I think they want the two perfect specimens of natural music.

track of the rail-road, pitched down into a ravine full of rocks and blocks of granite, over which the road passes like a bridge at the foot of the quarry. I believe one of them was killed, and the others most terribly injured. The rough blocks of granite are conveyed by horses, in these same rail-road cars, to smaller quarries below, where they are wrought and shaped for their appointed uses. After looking down from the summit of the granite rock upon the country which lay smiling for many a sunny mile of flowery earth and sparkling sea below, and wandering about the works, which are interesting and curious, we remounted and rode home over turfy wood-paths, through tangled thickets of pine, fir, and cedar, whose warm fragrance was beginning to be drawn forth by the morning sun. We disturbed in our path a poor woodcock, who was sitting with her young: it was a pity to see the poor thing flutter about her treasure, and go trailing a little way into the brushwood to entice us away from them. Poor mother! what a tempest of fear and agony was in your downy breast. I was very sorry we had frightened her, poor creature. The country we rode through was extremely pretty,—so indeed I think all the country round Boston is; the only deficiency is water,—running water, I mean, for there are several beautiful pools in its vicinity,—and turn which way you will, the silver shield of the sea shining against the horizon, is a lovely feature of the landscape. But there are no rivulets, no brooks, no sparkling, singing water-courses to refresh one's senses, as one rides across the fields and through the woodlands. —— called on us on Sunday last. He is very enchanting: I wish it had been my good fortune to see him oftener; one of the *great men* of this country,

he would have been a first-rate man all the world over; and like all first-rate people, there is a simplicity, and a total want of pretension about him that is very delightful. He gave us a description of Niagara, which did what he complained no description of it ever does,—conveyed to us an exact idea of the natural position and circumstances which render these falls so wonderful; whereas, most describers launch forth into vague and untangible rhapsodies, which, after all, convey no express idea of anything but water in the abstract, he gave me, by his few simple words, a more *real* impression of the stupendous cataract, than all that was ever writ or spoken of waterfalls before, not excepting Byron's Terni. Last Saturday I dined at ——'s, where, for my greater happiness, I sat between —— and ——. I remember especially two bright things uttered, the one by the one, the other by the other of these worthies. Mr. ——, speaking of Knowles' Hunchback, said, "Well, after all, it's no great matter. The author evidently understands stage effect and dramatic situations, and so on, but as for the writing, it's by no means as good as Shakspeare." I looked at the man in amazement, and suggested to him that Shakspeare did not grow upon every bush. Presently Mr. —— began a sentence by assuring me that he was a worshipper of Shakspeare, and ended it by saying that Othello was disgusting, King Lear ludicrous, and Romeo and Juliet childish nonsense; whereat I swallowed half a pint of water, and nearly my tumbler, too, and remained silent,—for what could I say? However, in spite of this, I owe —— some gratitude, for he brought —— to see me the other day, whose face is more like that of a good and intellectual man than almost any face I ever saw. The climate of

this place is dreadful: the night before last the weather was so warm, that, with my window open, I was obliged to take half the clothes off my bed; last night was so cold, that, with window shut, and additional covering, I could scarce get to sleep for the cold. This is terrible, and forms a serious drawback upon the various attractions of Boston, and to me it has many. The houses are like English Houses; the Common is like Constitution Hill; Beacon street is like a bit of Park lane; and Summer street, now that the chestnut trees are in bloom, is perfectly beautiful. But for the climate, I should like to live in Boston very much: my stay here has been delightful. It is in itself a lovely place, and the country round it is charming. The people are *intellectual*, and have been most abundantly good-natured and kind to me. *

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I have finished ——'s sermons, which are most excellent. I think he is one of the purest English prose writers now living: I revere him greatly, yet I do not think his denial of the Trinity is consistent with the argument by which he maintains the truth of the miracles. I have begun the Diary of an Ennuyée again: that book is most enchanting to me,—merely to read the names of the places in which one's imagination goes sunning itself for ever, is delightful.

New York.

I have seen ——, who, in his outward man, bears but little token of his inward greatness. Miss —— had prepared me for an exterior over which debility and sickness

had triumphed now for some years; but, thought I, there must be eyes and a brow, and there the spirit will surely be seen upon its throne. But the eyes were small grey eyes, with an expression which struck me at first as more akin to shrewdness of judgment, than genius, and the loftier qualities of the mind; and though the brow and forehead were those of an intellectual person, they had neither the expanse nor conformation I had imagined. The subject of our conversation, though sufficiently natural for him to choose, addressing one of my craft, did not appear to me to be a happy one for his own powers,—perhaps I thought so because I differed from him. He talked about the stage and acting in as unreal, and in my opinion, mistaken a manner, as possible. Had he expressed himself unknowingly about acting, that would not have surprised me, for he can have no means of judging of it, not having frequented the theatre for some years past; and those who have the best means of forming critical judgments upon dramatic subjects, for the most part talk arrant nonsense about them. Lawrence was the only man I ever heard speak about the stage who did so with understanding and accuracy. I have heard the very cleverest men in England talk the greatest stuff imaginable about actors and acting. But to return to ——: he said he had not thought much upon the subject, but that it appeared to him feasible and highly desirable, to take detached passages and scenes from the finest dramatic writers, and have them well declaimed in comparatively private assemblies,—this as a wholesome substitute for the stage, of which he said he did not approve; and he thought this the best method of obtaining the intellectual pleasure and profit to be derived from fine dramatic works,

without the illusion and excitement belonging to theatrical exhibitions. My horror was so unutterable at this proposition, and my amazement so extreme that he should make it, that I believe my replies to it, were all but incoherent.* What! take one of Shakspeare's plays bit by bit, break it piece-meal, in order to make recitals of it!—destroy the marvellous unity of one of his magnificent works, to make patches of declamation! If the stage is evil put it away, and put away with it those writings which properly belong to it, and to nothing else; but do not take dramatic compositions, things full of present action and emotion, to turn them into recitations and mutilated ones, too: get other poems to declaim, no matter how vivid or impassioned in their descriptions, so their form be not dramatic. It is not to be supposed that the effect proper and natural to a fine dramatic conception can be preserved, when the language is merely declaimed without the assistance of distance, dress, scenic effects,—all the appertainings that the author has reckoned upon to work out his idea. —— mentioned the dagger soliloquy in Macbeth, as an instance which would admit of being executed after his idea, saying that that, well read by any person in a drawing-room, would have all the effect necessary or desirable. I remember hearing my aunt Siddons read the scenes of the witches in Macbeth, and while doing so was obliged to cover my eyes, that her velvet gown, modern cap, and spectacles, might not disturb the wild and sublime images that her magnificent voice and recitation were conjuring up around me. If a man professes to tell you a story, no matter what, say the story of Romeo and Juliet, and sits in a modern drawing-room, in modern costume, it matters not—*he* is no part of his

story,—you do not connect him with his narrative,—his appearance in no way clashes with your train of thought,—you are not thinking of him, but of the people he is talking about. But if a man in a modern drawing-room, and in modern costume, were to get up and begin reciting the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet, I think the case would be altered. However, never having heard such a proposal before, I had not thought much about it, and only felt a little stunned at the idea of Shakspeare's *histories* being broken into fragments.*

* Among the many signs of the total decay of dramatic mind and spirit in this age, a frequent piece of criticism passed upon modern plays appears to me a very conclusive one—"Such a play is exceedingly full of dramatic effect, but there's no poetry in it." "Such a playwright understands situation and character, but really reading his plays you find no poetry in them." I have heard this bright comment passed repeatedly upon the best dramatic composition of modern times,—The Hunchback, a play whose immense popularity every where is the surest and truest warrant of its excellence,—a play containing the most dramatic situations, the most pathetic and comic effects, and by far, the finest conception of a female character, of any play since the old golden dramatic age. I do not hesitate to say that this is a most false piece of criticism, induced alone by a want of perception of what are the requisites in a dramatic poem, and a total absence of true dramatic feeling. First, in the ingredients of a fine play comes the fiction, the invention—to this belong those same much sneered at stage effects, and theatrical situations; next comes the skilful and powerful delineation of individual character; *lastly* comes the item of a poetical diction. *One* alone has united these in their utmost perfection; for such another the world may look in vain. But I think the play-goers of Shakspeare's time would have been tolerably satisfied with a most interesting fiction, and a true and vigorous delineation of character; and let me ask, is

Thursday.

At a little after ten, —— came to take us to see the savages. We drove down, D——, my father, he, and I, to their hotel. We found, even at that early hour, the portico, passage, and staircase, thronged with gazers upon the same errand as ourselves. We made our way, at length, into the presence-chamber; a little narrow dark room, with all the windows shut, crowded with people, come to stare at their fellow wild beasts. Upon a sofa sat Black Hawk, a diminutive, shrivelled looking old man, with an appearance of much activity in his shrunk limbs, and a calmness and dignified self-composure in his manner, which, in spite of his want of size and comeliness, was very striking. Next to him sat a young man, the adopted son of his brother the Prophet; whose height and breadth, and peculiar gravity of face and deportment were those of a man nearly forty, whereas he is little more than half that age. The undisturbed seriousness of his countenance was explained to me by *their keeper*, thus: he had, it seems, the day before, indulged rather too freely

there no poetry besides that of words?—is there no poetry in the fable of a play—none in the faithful portraying of a human being's mind and passions? As for all pretty speeches, lengthy descriptions, abstract disquisitions,—unless things placed in the mouth of characters to whose identity such mental manifestations belong,—they are inadmissible in a right good play, and should by all means be confined to the pages of those anomalous modern growths—plays for the closet. In all our elder dramatists, Shakspeare alone excepted, the main quality of a play, the story, is often defective to an excess, not only in morality, but in probability and consistency; and the same defects exist in the delineation of character in many of their noblest plays.

in the delights of champagne, and was suffering just retribution in the shape of a head-ache,—unjust retribution I should say, for in his savage experience, no such sweet, bright poison had ever before been recorded, *I guess*, by the after pain it causes. Next to him sat Black Hawk's son, a noble, big young creature, like a fine Newfoundland puppy, with a handsome, scornful face, which yet exhibited more familiarity and good-humoured amusement at what was going on, than any of the rest. His hair was powdered on the top, and round the ears with a bright vermilion-coloured powder, and knots of scarlet berries or beads, I don't know which, hung like ear-rings on each side of his face. A string of glass beads was tied round his naked throat; he was wrapped in a large blanket, which completely concealed his form, except his legs and feet, which were clothed in common leather shoes, and a species of deerskin gaiter. He seemed much alive to what was going on, conversed freely in his own language with his neighbour, and laughed once or twice aloud, which rather surprised me, as I had heard so much of their immovable gravity. The costume of the other young man was much the same, except that his hair was not adorned. Black Hawk himself, had on a blue cloth surtout, scarlet leggings, a black silk neck handkerchief, and ear-rings. His appearance altogether was not unlike that of an old French gentleman. Beside him, on a chair, sat one of his warriors, wrapped in a blanket, with a cotton handkerchief whisped round his head. At one of the windows apart from their companions, with less courtesy in their demeanour, and a great deal of sullen savageness in their serious aspects, sat the great warrior, and the prophet of the tribe,—the latter is Black Hawk's brother.

I cannot express the feeling of commiseration and disgust which the whole scene gave me. That men such as ourselves, creatures with like feelings, like perceptions, should be brought as strange animals at a show, to be gazed at the livelong day by succeeding shoals of gaping folk, struck me as totally unfitting. The cold dignity of the old chief, and the malignant scowl of the prophet, expressed the indecency and the irksomeness of such a situation. Then, to look at those two young savages, with their fine muscular proportions, and think of them cooped up the whole horrible day long, in this hot prison-house full of people, made my heart ache. How they must loathe the sight of these narrow walls, and the sound of these strange voices; how they must sicken for their unmeasured range of wilderness! The gentleman who seemed to have the charge of them, pressed me to go up and shake hands with them, as every body else in the room did; but I refused to do so from literal compassion, and unwillingness to add to the wearisome toil they were made to undergo. As we were departing, however, they reiterated their entreaties that we would go up and shake hands with them,—so I did. Black Hawk and the young men received our courtesy with great complaisance, but when we went to the great warrior and the prophet, they seemed exceedingly loath to receive our hands, the latter particularly, who had, moreover, one of the very worst expressions I think I ever saw upon a human countenance. I instinctively withdrew my hand; but when my father offered his, the savage's face relaxed into a smile, and he met his greeting readily. I wonder what pleased him about my father's appearance, whether it was his large size or not. I had a silver vinaigrette in my pouch, which I gave Black Hawk's

son, by way of keepsake: it will make a charming present for his squaw.

Sunday, June 30th.

Rose at four, but after looking at my watch, resumed my slumbers until six, when I started up, much dismayed to find it so late, and presently, having dressed as fast as ever I could, we set off for the steam-boat. The morning was the brightest possible, the glorious waters that meet before New York were all like rivers of light blazing with the reflected radiance of the morning sky. We had no sooner set foot on board the steam-boat, than a crowd of well-known faces surrounded us: I was introduced to Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, the brother of our host at Cold Spring. Mr. —— came and stood by me for a considerable time after we started. It is agreeable to talk to him, because he has known and seen so much; traversed the world in every direction, and been the friend of Byron and Shelly; a common mind that had enjoyed the same opportunities, (that's impossible by the bye, no common mind would have sought or found them) must have acquired something from intercourse with such men, and such wide knowledge of things; but he is an uncommon man, and it is very interesting to hear him talk of what he has seen, and those he has known. *

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When we reached West Point, Mr. —— was waiting with his boat to convey us over to Cold Spring, and accordingly bidding our various acquaintance and companions farewell, we rowed over out of the course of the river, into a sunny

bay it forms among the hills, to our kinsman's abode. Mr. ——'s place is a lovely little nook, situated on the summit of a rise, on the brink of the placid curve of water formed here by the river, and which extends itself from the main current about a mile into the mountains, ending in a wide marsh. The house, though upon a hill, is so looked down upon, and locked in by the highlands around it, that it seems to be at the bottom of a valley. From the verandah of his house, through various frames which he has had cut with exceeding good judgment among the plantations around the lawn, exquisite glimpses appeared of the mountains, the little bay, the glorious Hudson itself, with the graceful boats, for ever walking its broad waters, their white sails coming through the rocky passes, where the river could not be detected, as though they were sailing through the vallies of the earth. The day was warm; but a fresh breeze stirred the boughs, and cooled the air. My father, and D—— seemed overcome with drowsiness, and lay in the verandah with half-closed eyes, peeping at the dream-like scene around them. I was not inclined to rest, and Mr. —— having promised to show me some falls at a short distance from the house; he and his brother, and I, set forth thither. We passed through the iron-works: 'twas Sunday, and everything except a bright water-course, laughing and singing as it ran, was still. They took me over the works, showed me the iron frames of large mill wheels, the machinery and process of boring the cannon, the model of an iron forcing pump, the casting houses, and all the wonders of their manufactory. All mechanical science is very interesting to me, when I have an opportunity of seeing the detail of it, and comprehending, by illustrations presented to my

eyes, the technical terms used by those conversing with me. We left these dark abodes, and their smouldering fires, and strange, powerful-looking instruments, and taking a path at the foot of the mountains, skirted the marsh for some time, and then struck into the woods, ascending a tremendous stony path, at the top of which we threw ourselves down to pant, and looked below through a narrow rent in the curtain of leaves around us, on the river, and rocks, and mountains, bright with the noon-day splendour of the unclouded sky. After resting here a few moments, we arose and climbed again, through the woods, across a sweet clover field, to the brow of the hill, where stands the highland school,—a cheerful-looking cottage, with the mountain tops all round, the blessed sky above, and the downward sloping woods and lake-like river below. Passing through the ground surrounding it, we joined a road skirting a deep ravine, from the bottom of which the waters called to me. I was wild to go down, but my companions would not let me. It was in vain that I strained over the brink, the trees were so thickly woven together, and the hollow so deep, that I could see nothing but dark boughs, except every now and then, as the wind stirred them, the white glimmer of the leaping foam, as it sprang away with a shout that made my heart dance. We followed the path, which began to decline, and presently a silver thread of gushing water, ran like a frightened child across our way, and flung itself down into the glen. At length we reached the brown, golden-looking stream. Mr. —— was exhorting us to take an upper path, which he said would bring us to the foot of the fall; but I was not to be seduced away from the side of the rivulet, and insisted upon crossing it then and there,

through the water, over moss-capped stones, across fallen trees, which, struck by the lightning, or undermined by the cold-kissing waters, had choked up the brook with their leafy bridges. So, striving on, as best we might, after wading through the stream two or three times, we reached the end and aim of our journey, the waterfall. We stood on the brink of a pool, about forty feet across, and varying in depth from three to seven or eight feet: it was perfectly circular, and except on the south,—where the waters take their path down the glen,—closed round with a wall of rock about thirty feet high, in whose crevices trees, with their rifted roots, hung fearlessly, clothing the grey stone with a soft curtain of vivid green. Immediately opposite the brook, and at the north of the pool, the water came tumbling over this rocky wall in three distinct streams, which, striking the projecting ledges of iron-looking stone, at different angles, met within eight or ten feet of the pool, and fell in a mingled sheet of foam. The water broke over the rocks like a shower of splintered light,—the spray sprang up in the sunlight, and fell again all glittering into the dark basin below, that gleamed like a magic jewel set in the mossy earth. On the edge of the rocks, beside the waterfall, a tree stood out among its greenly-mantled fellows, bare, broken, and scathed to the very roots with lightning. Its upper half had fallen aslant one branch of the waterfall, and lay black and dripping over the pure white torrent, half falling down its course, half stayed by some rocky ledges on which it rested. As I gazed up in perfect ecstacy, an uncontrollable desire seized me to clamber up the rocks by the side of the fall, and so reach the top of it. My companions laughed incredulously as I expressed my determination to do so, but

followed where I led, until they became well assured that I was in earnest. Remonstrance and representation of impossibility having been tried in vain, Mr. —— prepared to guide me, and Mr. ——, with my bag, parasol, and bonnet in charge, returned to the edge of the pool to watch our progress. Away we went over the ledges of the rocks, with nothing but damp leaves, and slippery roots of trees for footing. At one moment the slight covering of mould on which I had placed my foot, crumbled from beneath it, and I swung over the water by a young sapling, which upheld me well, and by which I recovered footing and balance. We had now reached the immediate side of the waterfall, and my guide began ascending the slippery, slanting rocks down which it fell. I followed: in an instant I was soaked through with the spray,—my feet slipped,—I had no hold; he was up above me—the pool far below. With my head bowed against the foam and water, I was feeling where next to tread, when a bit of rock, that my companion had thought firm, broke beneath his foot, and came falling down beside me into the stream. I paused, for I was frightened. I looked up for a moment, but was blinded by the water, and could not see where my guide was; I looked down the slanting ledge we had climbed, over which the white water was churning angrily. "Shall I come down again?" I cried to Mr. —— who was anxiously looking up at our perilous path. "Give me your hand!" shouted his brother above me. I lifted my head, and turned towards him, and a dazzling curtain of spray and foam fell over my face. "I cannot see you," I replied; "I cannot go on—I do not know what to do." "Give me your hand!" he exclaimed again; and I, planting one foot upon a ledge of rock so high as to lift me off

the other, held up my arm to him; but my limbs were so strained from his height above me, that I had no power to spring or move, either up or down. However, I felt my presence of mind going; I knew that to go down was impossible, except headlong,—the ascent must therefore be persevered in. "Are you steady, quite, quite steady?" I inquired: he replied, "Yes;" and holding out his hand, I locked mine in it, and bade him draw me up. But he had not calculated upon my weight,—my slight appearance had deceived him, and as I bore upon his arm, we both of us slipped—I turned as sick as death, but only cried out, "Recover yourself! recover yourself!—I am safe!" which I was, upon a rocky rim about three inches wide, with my arm resting on the falling stump of the blasted tree. He did recover his balance, and again holding out his hand, drew me up beside where he was sitting, on the edge of the rocks, in the water. We pledged each other in the clear stream, and standing on the top of our hardly gained eminence, in the midst of the rushing brook, I wrang my handkerchief triumphantly at Mr. ——; which was rather a comical consideration, as I was literally dripping from head to foot,—no Naiad ever looked so thoroughly watery, or could have taken more delight in a ducking. As soon as he saw us safe, he scrambled up through the woods to the road, and we doing the same, we presently all met on the dusty highway, where we congratulated each other on our perseverance and success, and laughed very exceedingly at my soaked situation.

We determined not to pass through the Highland school ground, but kept the main road for the advantage of sun and wind, the combined influences of which presently dried my frock and handkerchief. When I reached home, ran up stairs, and dressed myself for dinner, which we sat down to at about four. After dinner came up to my room, and slept very profoundly until summoned to coffee, which we drank in the verandah. At about eight o'clock the sun had left the sky, but his warm mantle lay over the western clouds, and hung upon the rocks and woody mountain sides; a gentle breeze was stirring the trees round where we sat; and through the thick branches of a chestnut tree, as they waved to and fro, the silver disk of the full moon looked placidly down upon us. We set out strolling through the woods: leisurely as foot could fall, we took our way through the twilight paths; and when we reached the Roman Catholic chapel our host is building by the river side, the silent, thoughtful mountains were wrapped in deep shadows, and the broad waters shone like a sheet of silver in the moonlight. We sat down on the cannon lying on the pebbly shore, and Mr. —— ran off to order the boat, which presently came stealing round over the shining waters. We got in, —— rowing, and they put me at the helm; but owing to Mr. ——'s misdirections,—who seemed extremely amused at my awkwardness, and took delight in bothering poor —— by making me steer all awry,—we made but little progress, and that rather crab-wise, backing, and sideling, and turn-

ing, as though the poor boat had been a politician. *

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Full of my own contemplations I kept steering round and round, and so we wandered, as purposeless as the night air over the smooth waters, and beneath the shadows of the solemn hills, till near eleven o'clock, when we made for shore, and slowly turned home. We sat for a length of time under the verandah: the gentlemen were discussing the planetary system as accepted in the civilized world; and Mr. —— maintained, with sufficient plausibility, that we knew nothing at all about it, in spite of Newton; for, that though his theories were borne out by all observation, it did not follow therefore that another theory equally probable might not exist; that because he had found out one way of accounting for the construction and motion of the heavenly bodies, there was no other possible way in which they were constructed and impelled; because one means is sufficient, he argued, it does not thence follow that 'tis the only sufficient means. Mr. —— maintained that there was at least strong presumption in favour of Newton's systems: because they are borne out by our observation of results, and also because hitherto no other better method of accounting for what we perceive has been discovered. And so they went on, the end of all being, to my mind as usual, utter unsatisfactoriness, and as the musquitoes were stinging me, I left them to their discussions, and came to bed.

Monday, 1st July.

Major ——, and Mr. ——, came over from West Point; they were going to prove some cannon, that had not yet been fired, and some time passed in the various preparations for so doing. At length we were summoned down to the water side, to see the success of the experiment. The cannon lay obliquely, one behind the other, at intervals of about six yards, along the curve line of the little bay; their muzzles pointed to the high gravelly bank, into which they fired. The guns were double loaded with very heavy charges, and as soon as we were safely placed so as to see and hear, they were fired. The sound was glorious: the first heavy peal, and then echo after echo, as they *rimbombavano* among the answering hills, who growled aloud at the stern voice waking their still, and noon-day's deep repose. I pushed out in the boat from shore to see the thick curtain of smoke, as it rolled its silver, and brassy, and black volumes over the woody mountain sides; parting in jagged rents as it rose, through which the vivid green and blessed sky smiled in their peaceful loneliness. They ended in discharging all the cannon at once, which made a most glorious row, and kept the mountains grumbling with its echoes for some minutes after the discharge. All the pieces were sound, which was highly satisfactory; as upon each one that flaws in the firing, Mr. —— loses the cost of the piece. Just as

W. H. Bartlett.

O. Felton.

HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

From Bull Hill.

the smoke cleared off from the river, we saw the boat making to shore; and presently, Mr. ——, his wife, and children, and a young Mr. ——, landed. After introductions, and one or two questions, Mrs. —— went up to her cottage to put things in order there, Mr. —— betook himself to Froissart and the shade, Mr. —— to his business; and D——, my father, Mr. —— and myself set forth to the fountain in the glen. The weather was intensely hot: the thermometer above 90° in the shade; it was about half past twelve, and we toiled and gasped on like so many Indians up the steep path. The walk had been so laborious, that neither D—— nor my father were willing at first to admit that the object was a sufficient one. We sat for some time by the dark shady pool, and they by degrees recovered their breath and complacency, and began to perceive how beautiful the place really was. My father said the waterfall looked like a fine lace veil torn by the rocks, which pleased me, because it did look like that. Mr. —— proposed an admirable plan, that of walking down the water's side, and taking a boat upon the Hudson, and so avoiding the long hot walk home. We called at the Highland School, where the worthy man who keeps it, received us with infinite civility, put us into a delicious cool room, and gave us some white hermitage and water to drink, which did us all manner of good.* We then

* Of the mental process which the pupils at this Highland School undergo, I can say nothing; being totally unacquainted with the system of education adopted there;—but a more advan-

descended to the river, after some delay and difficulty, got a boat and rowed home. * * * *

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LINES.

Here be the free gifts of the morning for thee:
Dog roses, with their thorns all strung with pearls,
And a large round diamond in each rosy cup;
Their leaves are the colour of Aurora's cheeks.
Here is a pale white flower, without a name,
At least to me, who am a stranger here:
It has a delicate almond smell, and grew
Among thick boughs, and leaves that guarded it.
Poor thing, I took it from its shelter for thee.

tageous residence for the cultivation of health, strength, (for physical education,) or the developement of all those pious and poetical tendings of the human soul and mind which are fostered and ripened by the sublime influence of natural beauty and grandeur, cannot be imagined. The gentlemen at the head of this establishment are New Englanders. The observations I made upon the superior intelligence and cultivation of the natives of that part of the United States, have been borne out constantly by the fact, that there is hardly any establishment in the states I have visited, in any way connected with education, or the dissemination of information, which is not conducted partially or entirely by New Englanders.

Here be some lilac heads of clover; sweet,
As the breath of love : they lay amongst the hay,
In a new-mown meadow, glittering in the sun.
Here are the leaves of the wild vine, that shine
Like glass without, and underneath are white
And soft as a swan's breast. There is an oak branch,
I gathered it, because it grows at home,
And in this strange land look'd as sad, and loving,
As a friend's face : when it is wither'd, keep it.
They are all heavy with the tears of the night,
Who weeps, because she may not meet the sun;
And when he comes down from the mountain-tops,
Parting the forests with his hands of fire,
He drinks her weeping, kissing all the flowers
With passionate love, which makes them look so blushing.

Tuesday, 2d.

Packed up my bag, took a cup of tea, went and gathered some flowers, and gave the poor lamb some heads of clover, bade a very unwilling farewell to the pretty place, and rowed over to West Point, where Mr. —— was waiting for us. We breakfasted at ten, and went down to meet the boat. Young Mr. —— came over to see us off, and brought me some lovely fresh flowers. Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, were both at the embarking post. When the boat came up, the rush to and from it was without exception the most frightful thing I ever saw. The ——'s were landing, and I just spoke to her, as she was borne past by the throng. Safely on board, I again found myself sur-

rounded by familiar faces; I took out my work, and Mr. sat down by us. As a nuisance, which all unsought-for companionship is, he is quite the most endurable possible, for he has seen such things, and known such people, that it is greatly worth while to listen to him. Everything he says of Byron and Shelley confirms my own impression of them. The scenery of the Hudson immediately beyond West Point loses much of its sublimity, though no beauty. The river widens and the rugged summits of the Highlands melt gradually into a softer and more undulating outline. The richness, and swelling, and falling of the land, reminded me occasionally of England. The yellow grain was giving diversity and warmth to the green landscape, and the shadowy woods fencing the cornfields, threw over the whole picture a sheltering peaceful charm. On the left, we presently began to see the blue outline of the Catskill mountains towering into the hot sky, and looking most blessedly cool and dark amid the fervid glowing of the noon-day world. Mrs. —— came on board at one of the stopping-places. I was quite glad to see her sweet face, and hear her gentle voice again. Mr. —— was greatly smitten with her calm look of repose, and lulling speech, and took to her vehemently. She told me long stories like fairy tales, of caverns lately discovered in the bosom of these mountains; of pits black and fathomless, of subterranean lakes in gloomy chambers of the earth, and tumbling waters which fall down in the dark, where men heard, but none had dared to go. How I should like to

go there! Oh who will lead me into the secret parts of the earth, who will guide me to the deep hiding place, where spirits are, where the air of this upper world is not breathed, and its sounds are unknown, where the light of the sun is unseen, and the voice of human creatures unheard—how I should like to go there.

At about halfpast three in the afternoon, the sky became suddenly and thickly overcast, the awning which sheltered the upper deck was withdrawn, and every preparation made for a storm. The pale angry-looking clouds lay heaped like chalk upon a leaden sky, and presently one red lightning dipped down into the woods like a fiery snake falling from the heavens. At the same time, a furious gust of wind and torrent of rain rushed down the mountain side. We scuttled down to the lower deck as fast as ever we could, but the storm met us at the bottom of the stairs, and in an instant I was drenched; chairs, tables, every thing was overturned by the gust, and the boat was running with water in every direction. It thundered and lightened a little, but the noise of the engine was such that we scarce heard the storm. I stood by the door of the furnace, and dried leisurely, talking the while to Mr. ——, who is sun burnt enough to warm one through with a look. During our progress, one of the wheels, or paddles as they are properly called, took it into its head to knock its case to pieces, and banged the boards about in a strange way. Accident the second: one of the men, a black, who was employed in tending the fire, got so dreadfully heated with the intense furnace, that he rushed out of the

engine room, and swallowed two or three draughts of cold water; the effect was instantaneous, he fell down in violent internal spasms, and died, poor wretch! before we arrived at Albany. We reached that town at about half past five in the afternoon, and went to a house the ——'s recommended to us. At about seven they gave us dinner, and immediately after I came up to my own room. I was so exhausted with fatigue and a violent cold and cough, that I literally fell down on the floor, and slept till dark. As we came up the river we passed Dr. ——'s place, Hyde Park, which has the reputation of being the best kept private estate in America; the situation of the house, on the edge of a ridge, appeared to me, from the river, rather too much exposed.

Saturday, 6th.

My father had settled to go to the Cohoes Falls. *

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When we were in the steamboat, going up to Troy,* ——

* Troy! and that Troy has a mount Ida!! The names of places in this country are truly astonishing. Troy, Syracuse, and Rome are pretty well in this way, but the state of New York alone, I believe, boasts of a Manlius, a Homer, a Virgil, an Ovid, a Cicero, and a Socrates, whose second appearance in this world is in all the

E. J. TRELAWNY.

(*From a drawing by Count D'Orsay.*)

put a letter into my hands, which he told me was written by the mother of Allegra, Byron's child. The letter was remarkable only for more straightforwardness and conciseness than is usual in women's letters. I do not know whether —— gave it me to read on that account alone, or because it contained allusions to wild and interesting adventures of his own; perhaps there was a mingling of motives. There never was, by the bye, a *homogeneous* motive, as Brewster would say, in the human breast. We reached Troy in about twenty minutes, and walked up into the town to procure some species of vehicle for our progress to the Falls. There was none ready; and while one was being procured, a man who was standing near us very civilly invited us to come into his shop and sit down, which we did very readily. The situation of the warehouses on the side near the river, of the main street of Troy, is exceedingly pretty. They are, for the most part, large long rooms, opening to the street at the one end, and on the other looking down from a considerable height upon the Hudson. The shop we were in was a china store, and the nice cold crockery ware made one cool to look at it; the weather was roasting.

Mr. —— left us to gather information, and kindly brought me back word that the population of Troy was five hundred, *or* five thousand, I really forget which, and

glories of flaming red bricks, new boards and white paint. Did Pythagoras admit of men becoming towns as well as beasts?—I forget.

for my Journal it don't much matter; and that the storekeeper assured him the Trojans were an exceedingly refined and literary set of folks, and that the society, in point of these two advantages, was no whit behind Boston—there's for Boston!

We obtained a coach, and crossed a ferry such as I had never seen before, worked by horses. Poor wretches! they reminded me of ——'s steeds Martyre et Souffrance. Mr. —— observed that they led the life of the majority, and so they do. Labour and suffering that custom renders endurable, and that ends by grinding down every faculty of mind or soul: we're a blessed pack of drudges, and deserve to be just what we are. After crossing the ferry, we drove about five miles through some gentle smiling lands that made one feel very charitable. The Cohoes is, I believe, a Dutch name for a hill just above a turn in the Mohawk, where after some shallow rapid hasty running over a rocky bed, the river flings itself down over a broad barrier, between thirty and forty feet high, with the most delightful gushing sound in the world. The foam looked very nice and soft, and thick, and cold: I longed to be in the middle of it.

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After wandering about for some time, we sat ourselves down on a high grassy knoll just above the Falls. *

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We returned in time, as we flattered ourselves, to meet the steamboat which leaves Troy for Albany at four; but just as we were crossing the ferry, the steamer ran past us, leaving us with eyes and mouths wide open, very much bothered as to how we were to get down to Albany. D——all proposed a row boat, and the sense of the company seemed to agree thereto; but upon driving to the inn where we hired our carriage, and inquiring for such a conveyance, we were assured that there was no such thing to be had: whereupon, my father, good easy man, believed there was not, and got into the coach again. Mr. ——, however, had absconded, and remained gone so long, that I began to think he had perhaps started to swim down the river, when he presently appeared, informing us that he had gotten a boat for us. We jumped readily out of the coach, and though my father had actually made a bargain for the hire of it, to convey us to Albany, with the innkeeper; and moreover given him the money, the righteous man refunded the dollars, which Falstaff knows is a displeasing thing to do: "I hate that paying back!" Our row back was delightful: the evening was calm and lovely beyond description, the sun had lost his fierceness, and the warm air clapsed the fresh woods tenderly, the waters were unbroken as a mirror, the very spirit of love and peace possessed the world, the effect of all which was to send me into a very sound sleep. * * * * * *

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We reached Albany in very good time for dinner. Mr. Trelawney —— dined with us: what a savage he is in some respects. He's a curious being; a description of him would puzzle any one who had never seen him. A man with the proportions of a giant for strength and agility, taller, straighter, and broader than most men; yet with the most listless indolent carelessness of gait, and an uncertain wandering way of dropping his feet to the ground, as if he didn't know where he was going, and didn't much wish to go any where. His face is as dark as a moor's, with a wild strange look about the eyes and forehead, and a mark like a scar upon his cheek*; his whole appearance giving one an idea of toil, hardship, peril and wild adventure. The expression of his mouth is remarkably mild and sweet, and his voice is extremely low and gentle. His hands are as brown as a labourer's; he never profanes them with gloves, but wears two strange magical looking rings;—one of them, which he showed me, is made of elephant's hair. * * * *

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Occasionally, in his horror of one class of prejudices, he embraces the opposite ones: perhaps the extreme of any evil, in this world of imperfect means, can only be effectually resisted by its reverse extreme.

* The scar doubtless a relic of his piratical days. He wrote his own life, under the title of "The Adventures of a Younger Son," mentioned by Fanny, on p. [illegible]

Monday, 8th.

After breakfast went to rehearsal. Mr. —— came with us. The actors were one and all reading their parts, the lady who played Charlotte was the only exception, she was perfect. As I sat on the stage, between my scenes, a fat, good-tempered, rosy, bead-eyed, wet-haired, shining-faced looking man accosted me; and having ascertained that I was myself, proceeded to accuse me of having, in Mrs. Haller, pronounced the word "industry" with the accent on the middle syllable, as, "in*dus*try;" adding, that he had already quoted my authority to several people for the emphasis, and begging to know my "exquisite reason" therefore. It was in vain that I urged that it must have been a mistake if I said so; that I never meant to say so, if I did say so; that if I did say so, I was very wrong to say so; that I was very sorry for having said so; that I never would say so again. Between each of my humblest apologies my accuser merely replied, "but you *did* say in*dus*try," with an inflexible pertinacity of condemnation, which was not a whit softened by my sincere confessions. Presently, the worthy creature, adverting to the letter in the Mirror about General Jackson, begged, that as I had passed the fourth of July, that glorious anniversary, in Albany, I would illustrate its celebration by some remarks in the style of that admirable composition. Great was the fat man's surprise, and evident his contempt for me, when I disclaimed the authorship of that document. Greater still waxed both, when I assured him that on the fourth of

July I positively walked out of the town, to avoid the noise in it. After this, he remained gazing at me in silent amazement, and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from it to move, he took up his hat, and briefly wished me "good morning." Mr. —— told me the man was a newspaper editor, but I think he looked too fat and fresh, and good-tempered for that. When we returned home, sat down to write Journal. * *

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The play was the Gamester, the house was very full. Mr. —— did not know one syllable of his part, and bothered me utterly. At the end of the play they called for my father, and civilly desired we would act the Hunchback; as, however, we had not the dresses for it with us, he declined, but promised we would return hereafter. *

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Tuesday, 9th.

After breakfast, the day being extremely fine, Mr. —— urged us to go out, and take a walk; so forth we set, my

father and I leading the way, and D—— and Mr. —— following.

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We crossed the river, and following the first road like a flock of geese errant, arrived at the top of a delightful breezy knoll, opposite a tiny waterfall, the rocks and basin of which were picturesque, but the water had been turned off, to turn a mill. The hill where we stood, commanded a beautiful view of the Hudson, Albany, and the shores stretching away into sunny indistinctness. My father, and D——, and Mr. ——, sat down under some oak trees; I ran off to explore the stream. * *

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After looking about in every direction, I returned to my friends; we strolled away through the woods and along the high road, with the sweet smell of mellow hay keeping us company the while. We halted at an orchard corner, near a pleasant looking farm, where we all agreed we should like to live. * * * *

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Mr. —— killed us with laughing, with an account he gave us of some of Byron's sayings and doings, which were just as whimsical and eccentrick, as unamiable, but

very funny. To-morrow, we start for Utica; Mr. —— comes with us, I am glad of it, I like him.

Wednesday, 10th.

Just as we were getting into the rail road coach for Schenectady, a parcel was put into my hand. It was a letter from ——, and Pellico's Mie Prigioni; I was glad of it. At Schenectady we dined. By the bye I must not forget to mention the civility we met with from the people who kept the house. There have been so many instances given, of the discomfort and discourteousness which travellers encounter in America, that 'tis but justice to record the reverse when one meets with it. For my own part, with very few exceptions, I have hitherto met with nothing but civility and attention of every description. We have almost always commanded private sitting, and single sleeping rooms; have had our meals served in tolerable comfort and decency, and even on board the steam boats, where every thing is done by shoal, I have found, that in spite of being an inveterate daudle, and never ready at any of the bell ringings, I have always had a place reserved for me, and enough to eat without fighting for it. But to return to our Schenectady hosts. The house was very full, and while waiting for the canal boat, to avoid the gaping crowds with which all the rooms were filled,

D—— and I walked out into the verandah, when a pretty lassie, the daughter, I conclude, of the house, invited us into a very nice private parlour belonging to the family, where I found a fine piano, books, musick, and all civilization as well as civility. We proceeded by canal to Utica, which distance we performed in a day and a night, starting at two from Schenectady, and reaching Utica the next day at about noon. I like travelling by the canal boats very much. Our's was not crowded, and the country through which we passed being delightful, the placid moderate gliding through it, at about four miles and a half an hour, seemed to me infinitely preferable to the noise of wheels, the rumble of a coach, and the jerking of bad roads, for the gain of a mile an hour. The only nuisances are the bridges over the canal, which are so very low, that one is obliged to prostrate oneself on the deck of the boat, to avoid being scraped off it; and this humiliation occurs, upon an average, once every quarter of an hour.

Mr. —— read Don Quixote to us: he reads very peculiarly; slowly, and with very marked emphasis. He has a strong feeling of humour, as well as of poetry; in fact they belong to each other, for Humour is but Fancy laughing, and Poetry but Fancy sad.

The valley of the Mohawk, through which we crept the whole sunshining day, is beautiful from beginning to end; fertile, soft, rich, and occasionally approaching sublimity and grandeur, in its rocks and hanging woods. We had a lovely day, and a soft blessed sunset, which, just as we came to a point where the canal crosses the river, and where the

curved and wooded shores on either side recede, leaving a broad smooth basin, threw one of the most exquisite effects of light and color, I ever remember to have seen, over the water, and through the sky. The sun had scarce been down ten minutes from the horizon, when the deck was perfectly wet with the heaviest dew possible, which drove us down to the cabin. Here I fell fast asleep, till awakened by the cabin girl's putting her arms affectionately round me, and telling me that I might come and have the first choice of a berth for the night, in the horrible hencoop allotted to the female passengers. I was too sleepy to acknowledge or avail myself of the courtesy, but the girl's manner was singularly gentle and kind. We sat in the men's cabin until they began making preparations for bed, and then withdrew into a room about twelve feet square, where a whole tribe of women were getting to their beds. Some half undressed, some brushing, some curling, some washing, some already asleep in their narrow cribs, but all within a quarter of an inch of each other: it made one shudder. As I stood cowering in a corner, half asleep, half crying, the cabin girl came to me again, and entreated me to let her make a bed for me; however, upon my refusing to undress before so much good company, or lie down in such narrow neighbourhood, she put D—— and myself in a small closet, where were four empty berths, where I presently fell fast asleep, where she established herself for the night, and where D——, wrapped up in a shawl, sat till morning under the half open hatchway, breathing damp starlight.

Thursday, 11th.

D——'s exclamations woke me in the morning: the day was breaking brightly, and the dewy earth was beginning to smile in the red dawn, when we approached Little Falls, a place where the placid gentle character of the Mohawk becomes wild and romantic, and beautifully picturesque. The canal is for some space cut through the solid rock, and the banks, high and bold, were crowned with tangled woods, and gemmed with wild flowers, and the delicate vivid tufts of fern. It was exceedingly beautiful; and though I believe I missed some part of the scenery immediately surrounding Little Falls, the approach to it, which is of the same nature, enchanted me extremely. When we arrived at Utica, I gave the nice cabin girl my silver needle case: her tenderness and care of me the night before made it impossible for me to offer her money. She took my gift, and throwing her arms round my neck, kissed me very fervently for it. I was struck with her manner, which had appeared to me in discharge of her common duties reserved, and rather dignified. This exhibition of feeling surprised me, therefore, and together with her dark eyes, hair and complexion, made me think she must have foreign blood in her veins. I asked her, but she said no: American by birth, English by descent; certainly she had neither the face nor bearing of the one or the other. She was a very singular and striking looking person: as for Mr. ——, he fell in love with her forthwith, and I think had half a mind to settle

on the Mohawk and make her his fellow-farmer. At Utica we dined; and after dinner I slept profoundly. The gentlemen, I believe, went out to view the town, which, twenty years ago, *was not*, and now is a flourishing place, with fine-looking shops, two or three hotels, good broad streets, and a body of lawyers, who had a supper at the house where we were staying, and kept the night awake with champagne, shouting, toasts, and clapping of hands: so much for the strides of civilization through the savage lands of this new world. The house was full, and we could not get a room to ourselves, so we sat in a corner of the large dining-room. Passed the evening in writing journal;—Mr. —— showed me his of Sunday last.

Friday, 12th.

We all breakfasted early together, and immediately after breakfast got into an open carriage, and set off for Trenton. D—— and my father sat beside each other, —— and I opposite them,—Mr. —— on the box, and so we progressed. The day was bright and breezy; the country was all smiling round us in rich beauty; the ripening sheets of waving grain; the sloping fields, with here and there the grey tombstone of a forest tree; the vivid thickets bounding the pale harvest plots; the silvery-looking fences with their irregular lines relieved against the dark woods; the clear sky above,—all was lovely. About seven miles from Utica we stopped to water the horses at a lonely road-side house. We alighted, and without ceremony strolled into the garden; a mere wilderness of overgrown

sweetbriar, faint-breathing dog-roses, and flaunting red poppies, overshadowed by some orchard trees,—from which we stole sundry half-ripe cherries. The place was desolate, I believe; yet we lingered in it, and did not think it so. We got into the carriage again: the remaining eight miles of our journey were as beautiful and as bad as the preceding ones had been. I thought of our dark drive back, through these miry and uneven ways. At last we reached the house at which visitors to the Falls put up; a large, comfortable dwelling enough, kept by a couple of nice young people, who live in this solitude all the year round, and maintain themselves and a beautiful big baby by the profits they derive from the pilgrims to Trenton. We ordered dinner, and set forth to the Falls, with our host for guide. We crossed a small wood immediately adjoining the house, and descending several flights of steps, connected by paths in the rocky bank, we presently stood on the brink of the channel, where the water was boiling along, deep and black, and passing away like time. We followed along the rocky edge: the path is not more than a foot wide, and is worn into all manner of unevennesses, and cavities, and slippery with the eternal falling of the spray. —— walked before me: we dared not turn our heads for fear of tumbling into the black whirlpool below. We walked on steadily, warning each other at every step, and presently we arrived at the first fall, where the rest of our party were halting. I can't describe it: I don't know either its heighth or width; I only know it was extremely

beautiful, and came pouring down like a great rolling heap of amber. The rocks around are high to the heavens, scooped, and singularly regular; and the sides of the torrent are, every now and then, paved with large, smooth layers of rock, as even and regular in their proportions as if the fairies had done the work. After standing before the tumbling mass of water for a length of time, we climbed to the brink above, and went on. Mr. —— flung himself down under a roof of rock by the waterfall. My father, D——, and the guide, went on, out of sight; and —— and I loitered by the rapid waters, flinging light branches and flowers upon the blood-coloured torrent, that whirled, and dragged, and tossed them down to the plunge beneath. When we came to the beautiful circular fall, we crept down to a narrow ridge, and sat with our feet hanging over the black cauldron, just opposite a vivid rainbow, that was clasping the waterfall. We sat here till I began to grow dizzy with the sound and motion of the churning darkness beneath us, and begged to move, which we did very cautiously. I was in an agony lest we should slip from the narrow, dripping ledges along which we crawled. We wandered on, and stopped again, at another fall, upon a rocky shelf overhanging the torrent, beside the blasted and prostrate trunk of a large tree. I was tired with walking; and —— was lifting me up to seat me on the fallen tree, when we saw Mr. —— coming slowly towards us. He stopped and spoke to us, and presently passed on: we remained behind talking and dipping our hands into the fresh

water. At length we rejoined the whole party, sitting by a narrow channel, where the water looked like ink. Beyond this our guide saw it was impossible to go. I was for ascertaining this by myself; but my father forbade me to attempt the passage further. I was thirsty; and the guide having given me a beautiful strawberry and pale blue-bell, that he had found, like a couple of jewels, in some dark crevice of the rocks, I devoured the one, and then going down to the black water's edge, we dipped the fairy cup in, and drank the cold clear water, with which abundant draught I relieved my father's thirst also.* Around

* These beautiful little delicate wild flowers seem to love the dewy neighbourhood of waterfalls: it is only at Trenton, and the Chaudiere in Canada, that I remember to have seen them at all in this country. Some poor Scotch peasants about to emigrate to Canada, took away with them some roots of the "bonny blooming heather," in hopes of making this beloved adorner of their native mountains, the cheerer of their exile in the wild lands to which they were going. The heather, however, refused to grow in the Canadian soil, and the poor emigrants had not the melancholy pleasure of seeing its sweet, familiar bloom round their new dwellings. The person who told me this, said that the circumstance had been related to him by Walter Scott, whose sympathy with the disappointment of these poor children of the romantic heather-land betrayed itself even in tears. When I visited the beautiful falls of the Chaudiere, our party was enlivened, and the picturesque effect of the scene much heightened, by some of the highland band belonging to the regiment quartered in Quebec. I could not help wondering, as I gathered the blue-bells which

the place where we were resting, the rocks rose like circular walls up to the very sky. From their overhanging edges tiny threads of water fell upon the rocky pavement beneath, with a silver glancing, and a clear, plashing tone, that sounded even amid the hoarse talking of the dark waters below. In some mould among these cliffs, at their very highest edge, a tree had struck its roots, and growing upside down, stretched its drooping green arms to the hurrying stream below, that would not tarry. We had walked, I suppose, a mile and a half along the water's side; and in this distance its course is broken by six beautiful cataracts. The variety of the colour of the water,—occasioned by the various depths of its channel, and the different tints of the rocks over which it flows,—is singular. Where the river expands, its rapid, broken waves were of the darkest red-brown, like coffee,—or rather, indeed, redder than that, like a deep blood-colour; reaching the walls of rock, over which they fall into a lower bed, they became pouring masses of amber and diamonds, or soft, thick heaps of whitest foam; and then again, in the deep, narrow channels which received their headlong leaping, all was black as blackest night, and the waters were sucked away under

grew profusely round the cataract, whether these poor fellows looked upon the emblem of their distant country with any of the feelings which I lent them; and the whole brought back to my mind the heather that would not gladden the exile's eyes in a foreign soil, and the compassion of Scott for his countrymen's disappointment.

the hollow rocks in inky eddies, that made me think of drowning with double horror. The several falls are very various in their height and forms; but they are all beautiful—most beautiful; not a place to visit for a day, but to live the summer away in. * * * *

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When we were all rested, we rose to retrace our steps: our guide was a man of some cultivation, and of much natural refinement; with a strong feeling of the exquisite beauty of the scenes in which he was living. These falls are upon his own land, belong to him, and he pointed out to us a spot beside the torrent where he said he had read all Byron's works;—this pleased me. Returning, I thought the path even more difficult than it was before: there is a chain fastened along the rock where it narrows, for the security of persons walking; this has been put up since the lamentable loss of a young girl, who following her party along this slippery path, missed her footing, and was swept into a foaming whirlpool, whence nothing could ever emerge. Our guide told us of another terrible accident, which happened not long before we were there. A young lady and her lover were going along the water side, and in order to retain hold of her hand, he walked upon a narrow ridge, where he could hardly balance himself: the girl said, "Oh if you walk there, I shall let you go;" she did so, and in the same instant he slipped from the

rock and was dragged away to that dark death.* The chain upon the rock was about as high as my shoulder, but when the river is swollen, it constantly rises above the chain, at which time it is scarce possible to go any distance along its banks: this had been the case a short time before we were there. We returned to the house and dined. After dinner had a gossip with Mrs. ——, and a romp with her beautiful baby. I strolled into the garden,—it was in disorder, and looked like a wilderness; but I saw some roses drooping their full bosoms to the earth, and I went to fetch them. Our host came with me. He said he had but little leisure to cultivate his garden, and could not well afford to have it kept in better order; that it supplied them with nearly all they required, and that with his other occupations he had hardly time to make it more than useful. I questioned him about the number of visitors who came

* I do not know that the sense of danger has ever been so vivid in my mind, as while walking along this narrow edge of eternity. Nothing around Niagara appeared to me half so full of peril as the path along the Trenton Falls; although I have hung over the brink of the last rock that vibrates on the very verge of that great abyss, and explored entirely alone, the path under the huge watery curtain that falls from Table Rock. I do not know whether the mention of the late accidents at Trenton affected my imagination, and caused me to exaggerate the danger, but it appeared to me almost miraculous, that every body passing along those narrow, dripping, uneven ledges, did not share the fate of the two unfortunate persons I have mentioned.

to the falls : he said in summer there was a constant succession of them, but that in winter no one came there. Upon my expressing some surprise that people did not come and remain for some weeks at least, in so beautiful a place, he told me that the generality of visitors were quite satisfied with an hour's stroll by the water, and that some had arrived at his door, alighted from their carriage, dined, sauntered round the house, and *without even going down to the river*, returned to Utica, quite satisfied with having been at Trenton. I was amazed. But the utter insensibility of the generality of Americans to the beauty and sublimity of nature, is nothing short of amazing ; and in this respect they literally appear to me to want a sense. I have been filled with astonishment and perplexity at the total indifference with which they behold scenes of grandeur and loveliness, that any creature with half a soul would gaze at with feelings almost of adoration. But in these glorious tabernacles of nature, where God's majesty seems as it were visibly resting on his works, I have seen Americans come and stare, and stand for a moment, and depart again, apparently impressed with nothing but the singularity of the man or woman who could remain there longer than they did. What can be the cause of this ?—is it possible that a perception of the beautiful in nature is a result of artificial cultivation ?—is it that the grovelling narrowness of the usual occupations to which the majority addict themselves, has driven out of them the fine spirit which is God's altar in men's souls ?—is it that they be-

come incapable of beauty? Wretched people! They remind me, by contrast, as I see them toiling along the crowded streets of their cities, those dens of Mammon, of Wordsworth's noble description of him,

> "Who walked in glory and in joy,
> Behind his plough, upon the mountain side."

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At about sun-set I wandered into the wood, to the top of the steps leading to the waterfall, where I could hear far below, its sweet voice singing as it passed away. I remained standing here till the carriage was announced. Just before we went away, our host gave me a small piece of crystal; it is found among the rocks here, which I believe present many curious geological phenomena, which I leave to the learned to describe. The strata are the most beautifully regular possible, and upon their broad smooth surfaces, a thousand theories sit, which I hope I did not disturb, as I walked over them in the plenitude of my ignorance admiring God's masonry! Oh fair world! oh strange, and beautiful, and holy places, where one's soul meets one in silence, and where one's thoughts arise with the everlasting incense of the waters from the earth which is *His* foot-stool, to the heavens which are *His* throne. It grew dark long before we reached Utica: half the way I sang, the other half I slept, in spite of ruts five

fathoms deep, and all the joltings of these evil ways. To-morrow we start on our way to Niagara, which Mr. —— says is to sweep Trenton clean from our memories.—I do not think it.

Saturday, 13th.

Left Utica at six o'clock, in our Exclusive Extra: we were to go on as far as Auburn, a distance of seventy-six miles. The day was very beautiful, but extremely hot. At Vernon where we stopped to breakfast, we overtook the ——'s. We had a very good breakfast, and I think, for the first time since our land journey from Baltimore to Philadelphia last winter, we were waited on by women. Found a case of musical glasses, sat on the floor in great delight amusing myself with them. While the stage was getting ready, —— and I began wandering about, but the place did not look promising, and the heat was intense; we sat ourselves down under the piazza of the tavern, and I gave him the words of "To that lone well." In about an hour we set off again. The country was very rich and beautiful, and at every knoll backed by woodlands, and skirted by golden grain-fields, Mr. —— exclaimed, "Come, we will have a farm here!" He and my father were to smoke, reflect, and enjoy life: I was to sing whenever I happened to please, and enjoy life too: D—— was to brew, to bake, wash, iron, plough, manage the house, look after the cattle, take care of the poultry, mind the

dairy, in short, do everything on earth that was to be done, and enjoy life too: all which arrangements afforded us matter of converse on the way, and much amusement. Then my father and Mr. —— had long argumentations about acting; the latter is a vehement admirer of Kean's, and of course, that being the case, matter of debate was not wanting. It was all extremely pleasant and profitable, and while the sun shone, and we all kept our tempers, nothing could do better. —— amused me by telling me portions of ——'s book, the Adventures of a Younger Son, with which he had been extremely charmed, and which I remember beginning on board ship, as we crossed from England. * * * * *

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At about half past three, we arrived at a place called *Syracuse!!!* where, stopping to change horses, my father observed that here there were two different routes to our point of destination, and desired our driver to take that which passes through Skaneateles, a very beautiful village, situated on a lake so called. However, to this the master of the inn, who was also, I believe, proprietor of the coach, seemed to have some private objection; and while my father was yet speaking, very coolly shut the coach door in his face, and desired the driver to go on in the contrary direction. The insolence of the fellow enraged my father extremely, and it was rather astonishing,—that's the fact; but the deuce is in't, if, in a free country, a man may not

choose which way his own coach shall go, in spite of the folk who pay him for the use of it. We had to pocket the affront, and what was much more disagreeable, to travel an ugly uninteresting road, instead of a picturesque and pretty one. We had not proceeded many miles after this occurrence, and were just recovering our equanimities, when the said vehicle broke down. We were not overturned or hurt, only tilted a little on one side. The driver, however, did not seem to think it safe to proceed in this condition. The gentlemen got out, and searched the hedges and thickets for a piece of oak sufficiently strong and stout to repair, at least for the moment, the damage. We were not at the time within reach of any house. At last, they procured what they wanted,—and having propped up the carriage after the best fashion they could, we proceeded at a footpace to the next village. Here, while they were putting our conveyance into something like better order, —— and I wandered away to a pretty, bright water-course, which, like all water in this country, was made to turn a mill. The coach being made sound once more, we packed ourselves into it, and progressed. The evening was perfectly sultry. I never shall forget, at a place where we stopped to water the horses, a cart full of wretched sheep and calves, who were, I suppose, on their way to the slaughter-house, but who, in the meantime seemed enduring the most horrible torture that creatures can suffer. They were jammed into the cart so as to be utterly incapable of moving a single limb; the pitiless sun shone

fiercely upon their wretched heads,—and their poor eyes were full of dust and flies: I never saw so miserable a spectacle of suffering. I looked at the brutal-looking man that was driving them, and wondered whether he would go to Hell, for tormenting these helpless beasts in this fashion.

The sun set gloriously. Mr. —— began talking about Greece, and getting a good deal excited, presently burst forth into "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece," which he recited with amazing vehemence and earnestness. He reminded me of Kean several times: while he was declaiming he looked like a tiger. 'Tis strange, or rather, 'tis not strange, 'tis but natural, how, in spite of the contempt, and even hatred, which he often expresses for England and everything connected with it, his thoughts and plans, and all the energies of his mind, seem for ever bent upon changes to be wrought *in* England,—freer government—purer laws—more equal rights. He began to talk about Cromwell: he wanted, he said, to have a play written out of Cromwell's life. We talked the matter over with infinite zeal, and established most satisfactorily, that to accomplish such a thing as it ought to be done, would be quite one of the most difficult tasks in the world. Nobody but a religious and political enthusiast could do it: a poet, unless himself a republican Englishman and fanatical sectarian, hardly could:—it must be unlike all other works of art, not an imitation of truth, but truth itself. Schiller is the only man I can imagine who could have attempted it with any chance of success; and I

Tuesday was evidently

even doubt whether he would have made of it the firebrand our friend wants.* Towards evening, the heat became more and more oppressive; our coach was but ill cobbled, and leaned awfully to one side. I fell asleep lying in my father's lap; and when we reached Auburn, which was not until nine o'clock, I was so tired, so miserably sleepy,

* Thank God, a firebrand which shall throw England into confusion and anarchy is not indeed of easy make. Italy, crushed under the heel of her northern rulers, or France, blown about with every breath of opinion, may rush into revolutions, for a ballad or an opera. The misery of the one, and the miserable excitability of the other nation, render it easy to rouse, in the former, the spirit of retribution, in the latter, the desire of change. But Englishmen, who are neither slaves nor weathercocks, are less easily stirred to wild excesses of political excitement. Let who will steer, the old ship is too well ballasted to sink. Whoever rules,—whatever party may be at the head of her government, England is sound at heart; there is a broad foundation of moral good and intelligence in the nation, which will not be shaken or upturned, let factions erect or pull down what temporary trophies they please, to their own short-lived and selfish triumphs. The file of the mechanic may still gnaw angrily at the iron crown of the aristocracy,—interests of classes may still jar,—parties wrangle,—and the eternal warfare between those who climb, and those who stand upon the topmost round of the ladder, may still be waged; and so be it,—in none of these is there fear or danger, but rather a wholesome action of power against power—a checking, winnowing, purifying, and preserving influence. Moral evil, —vice and mental evil,—ignorance,—are the roots of decay: surely England is far from the day of her downfalling.

and so tortured with the side-ache, from the cramped position in which I had been lying, that I just crawled into the first room in the inn where we alighted, and dropped down on the floor fast asleep. They roused me for supper, and very soon after, I betook myself to bed. The heat was intolerable; the pale feet of the summer lightning ran along the black edges of the leaden clouds,—the world was alight with it. I could not sleep: I never endured such suffocating heat.

Sunday, 14th.

Rose at eight: the morning was already sultry as the hottest noon in England. After breakfast I wandered about the house in search of shade: went into an empty room, opened the shutters, and got out upon a large piazza, or rather colonnade, which surrounded it. The side I had chosen was defended by the house from the fierce sunlight, and I walked up and down in quiet and loneliness for some time. Not far from the house, stood the prison,—one of the state prisons of the country,—a large grey building, which appeared like a huge block of granite, unsheltered by a single tree or bush, and dim with the hazy heat of the atmosphere. Being Sunday, we were not able to visit it; but the person who kept the house where we were,—a very intelligent and civil man,—gave us some account of it, and fully corroborated the fact which Stuart mentions,—that when the prison took fire, and that all the criminals

confined in it were liberated to assist in saving the building, in spite of the general confusion, and total absence of restraint or observation, which, for some time left them the most easy opportunity of escape, not one of them took advantage of this accident to recover their liberty, but every prisoner returned voluntarily, after the fire was got under, to his cell. This seems miraculous, and speaks more for the excellence of the system pursued in these establishments, than all the disquisitions in the world. At about ten, our exclusive extra having driven to the door, we packed ourselves into it, and proceeded towards Geneva, where we were to dine. The sky, however, presently became overcast; and towards noon the world was absolutely shrouded in a lead-coloured pall. The air was stifling; it was impossible to draw one's breath; and a quarter of a degree more of heat would certainly have occasioned suffocation. We were all gasping: suddenly, the red lightning tore open the heavy clouds; the thunder rolled round the heavens; the rain came down in torrents; we were away from all shelter, and obliged to proceed through the storm. The leather curtains of our coach were speedily unrolled and buttoned down; but this formed but a miserable shelter against the furious rain. Our carpet bags, which were on the outside of the carriage, were soaked through, and we ourselves were soon in nearly as bad a plight. The rain came in rivulets through the crevices of our insufficient shelter, and the seats and bottom of the coach were presently standing pools. We arrived

between twelve and one o'clock at Cayuga; and here we drew up before the inn door, to await the end of the storm. The rain was still so violent that we preferred remaining in the coach, to getting out and being still more thoroughly drenched. The thunder growled sulkily at a distance, and the lightning glared rapidly from side to side. By degrees the overswollen clouds, having emptied themselves, rolled away; the rain became less violent; the mist and heavy vapour parted from off the face of the earth,—and the lake appeared blending with the sky amid the indistinct and hazy outlines of the half-shrouded country. While we were sitting listening to the storm, silence had fallen upon us all: a thunderstorm is apt to prove an interruption to conversation. During this pause Mr. —— took out his pencil, and wrote upon a scrap of paper a very eloquent Mahomedan description of the attributes of God. I do not know whether it was his own, or an authentic Mahomedan document: it was sublime. * * *

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The storm having abated, we proceeded on our way, crossed a bridge a mile and some roods long, over the Cayuga Lake; which however, was still so veiled with scowling mist and clouds, that we could discern none of its features. At about three o'clock we reached Geneva, a small town situated on a lake called Seneca water. Here we dined: —— had most providentially brought silver forks with him, for the wretched two-pronged iron imple-

ments furnished us by our host, were anything but clean or convenient. After dinner, the weather having become mild and bright, we went up to a piazza on the second floor, which overlooked the lake and its banks. The latter are very picturesque, and the town itself, climbing in terraces along the side of a steep acclivity rising from the water, has a very good effect. The lake at this point did not appear very wide, for we could distinguish from where we stood, minute objects on the opposite shore. After resting ourselves for a short time, we again took to our coach, and pursued our route towards Canandaigua, where we were to pass the night. The afternoon was bright and beautiful, the road tolerable, and the country through which we passed, fertile and smiling. As the evening began to come on, we reached Canandaigua lake, a very beautiful sheet of water of considerable extent. We coasted for some time close along its very margin; the opposite shore was high, clothed with wood, from amidst which, here and there, a white house looked peacefully down on the clear mirror below; the dead themselves can hardly inhabit regions more blessedly apart from the evil turmoil of the world, than the inhabitants of these beautiful solitudes.*

* I have had occasion to observe, in a former note, that foreigners travelling through this country, see only the least desirable society of the various cities they visit. There is another class of Americans, whom they rarely, if ever, become acquainted with at all. By far the most interesting, in my opinion, which the country

Leaving the water's edge we proceeded about a quarter of a mile, and found ourselves at the door of the inn at Ca-

affords. I speak of those families thickly scattered through all the states, from whose original settlers many of them are immediately descended; who reside upon lands purchased by their grandfathers in the early days of the *British Colonies;* and who, living remote from the Atlantic cities, and the more travelled routes between them, are free from all the peculiarities which displease an European in the societies of the towns, and possess traits of originality in their manners, minds, and mode of life, infinitely refreshing to the observer wearied of the eternal sameness which pervades the human congregations of the old world. In mixing with the commercial fashionables and exclusives of the American cities, the European is at once amused and annoyed with the assumption of a social tone and spirit at variance with the whole *make* of the country. He is told that he is in the best society of the place, and with perfect justice condemns this best society, as probably the worst he ever saw:—a society assuming the airs of separate rank where no rank at all exists, attempting to copy the luxury and splendour of the residents of European capitals, without possessing one tithe of their wealth to excuse the extravagance, or enable them to succeed in the endeavour; and presenting the most incongruous and displeasing mixture possible, of pretension, ignorance, affectation, and vulgarity. I have before said, that even in the cities, there are circles of a very different order; but yet freer from all these drawbacks is the society formed by the class of people of whom I have spoken above, and whom I should designate as the gentry of this country; using that term in the best sense in which it was once used in England. Among this large but widely scattered portion of the community, should the Euro-

nandaigua; the principal among some houses surrounding an open turfed space, like an English village green, across which ran the high road. My father, Mr. ——, and I went up to a sort of observatory at the top of the house, from whence the view was perfectly enchanting. The green below, screened on three sides with remarkably fine poplar trees, and surrounded by neat white houses, reminded me of some retired spot in my own dear country. Opposite us the land rose with a gentle wooded swell, and to the left the lake spread itself to meet the horizon. A fresh breeze blew over the earth, most grateful after the intense heat of the morning, and the sky was all strewed with faint rosy clouds melting away one by one into violet wreaths, among which the early evening star glittered cold and clear. We came down to supper, which was served to us as usual, in a large desolate-looking public room. After this, we came to the sitting room they had provided for us, a small comfortable apartment with a very finely toned piano in it. To this I forthwith sat down, and played and sang for a length of time. Late in the evening I left

pean traveller's good fortune lead him, he will find hospitality without ostentation, purity of morals, independent of the dread of opinion, intellectual cultivation, unmixed with the desire of display, great simplicity of life and ignorance of the world, originality of mind naturally arising from independence and solitude, and *the best* because the most natural manners. Of such, I know, from the lower shores of the Chesapeake, to the half savage territory around Michilimakinack.

the instrument, and my father, Mr. ——, and I took a delightful stroll under the colonnade, discussing Milton, many passages of which my father recited most beautifully, to my infinite delight and ecstacy. By and bye they went in, and —— came out to walk with me. Certainly this climate is the most treacherous imaginable: the heat this morning had been intolerable, and to-night a piercing cold wind had arisen, that would have rendered winter clothing by no means superfluous. We walked rapidly up and down, till the bleak blast became so keen that we were glad to take refuge in the house. Our unfortunate carpet-bags and their contents are literally drenched, many of my goods and chattels will never recover this ablution; among others, I am sorry to say, ——'s beautiful satchel.

Monday, 15th.

Our breakfast, which was extremely comfortable and clean, was served to us in our private room, a singular favour; one, I hope, which will become a custom as the country is travelled through by greater numbers. Before breakfast D—— had been taking a walk about the pretty village, and trying to beg, borrow, or steal some flowers for me. The master of the inn, however, succeeded better than she did, for he presently made his appearance with a very beautiful and fragrant nosegay, which I found to my utter dismay, had been levied from a gentleman's private garden in my name. my horror was excessive at this, and was scarcely dimi-

nished when I discovered, upon inquiry, that they had been gathered from Mr. ——'s garden; that gentleman having large property, and a fine residence here. He was not in Canandaigua himself, but as we drove past his house, I left cards for his lady, who must have thought my demand on her green-house one of the greatest impertinencies extant. It was nine o'clock when we left Canandaigua: we were all a little done up with our two previous days, and it was unanimously settled, that we should proceed only to Rochester, a distance of between thirty and forty miles, which we accomplished by two o'clock. Rochester, upon whose site, I understand, twenty years ago there stood hardly a house, is now a large and populous manufacturing town. The progress of life in this country is amazing. From day to day the wilderness becomes inhabited, peopled, civilized; and where yesterday the majestic woods were standing and the silent waters gliding in all the solemn solitude of unexplored nature; to-day, the sound of the forge and anvil is heard, the busy feet of men pass and repass, their mingled voices resound, their dwellings arise. The wheels of a thousand mechanical miracles clash, creak, and jar; the vapours of a thousand steam-engines mingle with the hitherto lonely clouds, and the huge fins of a thousand steam-boats beat the waters, carrying over their hitherto undisturbed surface, the vast produce of industry; the labours, the arts, the knowledge, the wealth, the wonders of education and civilization. It is something that fills one with admiration! in the old, and eke the new sense of the word.

The inn at which we alighted was large and comfortable; in the drawing-room I found a very tolerable piano-forte, to which I instantly betook myself. By the time we had seen our bed-rooms, and ordered dinner, we found we should have leisure before it was ready, to walk to the falls of the Genesee, (the river on which Rochester stands,) which have some celebrity for their beauty. A man from the hotel volunteered to be our guide, and joined our party. We walked up the main street, which was crowded, and full of business. From this, presently turning off, we followed a wider road, with houses and pretty flower-gardens on each side, and reached, after half a mile's walk, a meadow skirted by a deep ravine, through which the river, from whence we looked immediately upon the falls. They would be, and were, I doubt not, once beautiful; for the barrier of rock, over which the river throws itself into the valley below, is of considerable breadth and height; but alas! the waters have been turned off to turn mills, and a thin curtain which falls over the rocks like a vapoury sheet of blue smoke, is all that remains of the Genesee falls; whilst from a thousand dingy looking mills and manufactories, the poor little rivulets of labouring water, come rushing through narrow dirty channels, all stained and foaming, and hot from their work, to throw themselves into the thin bosom of their parent stream. Truly, mills and steam-engines are wonderful things, and I know that men must live; but I wish it were not expedient to destroy what God has made so very beautiful, in

order to make it useful. Our guide, perceiving our admiration was a good deal excited by the picturesque beauty of the scene, fell into a species of rhapsody, which terminated thus: "Yes, sir, when I see the waters thus falling *from the bottom to the top*,—I say, sir, when I look at the water falling from *the bottom to the top*, I can compare it to nothing—but—but—but—wool out of a cotton-mill!" This was an unlooked for climax, and gave us all a violent inclination to laugh in the face of the orator; which however would have been exceedingly wrong, for so sincere was the good man in his enthusiasm, that he was not in the least aware of the miraculous proceeding which he twice with much emphasis, ascribed to the *upward falling* water.†

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We waited in this meadow, for the passing of a train of rail-road carriages, which run between Rochester and a

† This spot is famous as the scene of the last exploit of a singular individual, known by the name of Sam Patch. An Irishman by birth, I believe, he came over to this country to earn his bread, and hit upon a very ingenious method of doing so, i. e., jumping for large wagers down cataracts; which daring feat he performed successfully more than once. But, like the Sicilian diver of old, poor Sam Patch took one plunge too many; and after leaping with impunity from the rocks immediately below the Falls of Niagara, he found his death in the Genesee—attempting the leap, it is said, while in a state of intoxication.

small village about three miles distant, where the river was said to be very beautiful. We hailed them as they went by, and proceeded in them to their destination. The view itself, from this point, though romantic and pretty, was scarce worth going out of the way for: the walk back, however, was delightful. The river runs here through a deep gully, the banks rising precipitously above a hundred feet on each side of it. On one side, they are beautifully and thickly wooded; the other presents a bare wall of reddish rock, lying in very regular strata. About a mile and a half below the falls, the channel of the river contracts itself, and the water, forcing its way through some irregular rocky projections, forms a very pretty miniature cataract. We walked along the high margin of the glen, upon some very thick, soft turf, looking down upon the deep bed of the water, and enjoying a delicious fresh breeze. 'Tis curious enough, that upon this strip of turf, close to the high road, under the shelter of a group of trees, we found a couple of tombstones. They were carefully railed round, and bore the names of a man and his wife, without however assigning any cause for their choice of a burial-place so public and unhallowed. The last mile of our walk was by no means so agreeable as the previous part had been. Nearing the town, we had to leave the brink of the river, and follow the dusty track of the rail-road. When we reached Rochester, we dined: after which I went and lay down, and slept till tea time. When I came down to tea, found the gentlemen profoundly busied: ——

writing home,—Mr. —— journalizing,—my father poring over maps and road-books, to find out if we could not possibly get as far as Niagara to-morrow.

Tuesday, 16th.

Had to get up before I'd half done my sleep. At six started from Rochester for Murray, where we purposed breakfasting. Just as we were nearing the inn at this same place, our driver took it into his head to give us a taste of his quality. We were all earnestly engaged in a discussion, when suddenly I felt a tremendous sort of stunning blow, and as soon as I opened my eyes, found that the coach was overturned, lying completely on its side. I was very comfortably curled up under my father, who by heaven's mercy did not suffocate me; opposite sat D——, as white as a ghost, with her forehead cut open, and an awful-looking stream of blood falling from it; by her stood Mr. ——, also as pale as ashes; —— was perched like a bird above us all on the edge of the door-way, which was open. The first thing I did was to cry as loud as ever I could, "I'm not hurt! I'm not hurt!" which assurance I shouted sufficiently lustily to remove all anxiety from their minds. The next thing was to get my father up, in accomplishing which he trampled upon me most cruelly. As soon as I was relieved from his mountainous pressure, I got up, and saw to my dismay, two men carrying Mr. —— into the house. We were all convinced that some of his

limbs were broken. I ran after as quickly as I could, and presently the house was like an hospital. They carried him into an upper room, and laid him on a bed: here too they brought D——, all white and bleeding. Our hand-baskets and bags were ransacked for salts and eau de cologne; cold water, hot water, towels, and pocket handkerchiefs were called into requisition; and I with my clothes all torn and one shoulder all bruised and cut, went from the one to the other in utter dismay. Presently, to my great relief, Mr. —— revived, and gave ample testimony of having the use of his limbs, by getting up, and in the most skilful manner plastering poor D——'s broken brow up. —— went in quest of my father, who had received a violent blow on his leg, and was halting about, looking after the baggage, and the driver, who had escaped unhurt.* The chief cause of our misfortune was the economy with which the stage-coaches are constructed in this thrifty land,—that is, they have but one door, and of course are obliged to be turned round much oftener than if they

* Although nobody, I believe, ever travelled a hundred miles by land in this country, without being overturned, the drivers deserve infinite credit for the *rare occurrence* of accidents. How they can carry a coach at all over some of their roads is miraculous; and high praise is due to them, both for care and skill, that any body, in any part of this country, ever arrives at the end of a land journey at all. I do not ever remember to have seen six-in-hand driving except in New England, where it is common, and where the stage-drivers are great adepts in their mystery.

had two. In wheeling us therefore rapidly up to the inn, and turning the coach with the side that had a door towards the house, we swung over and fell. While the coach was being repaired, and the horses changed, we, bound up, bruised, and aching, but still very merry, sat down to breakfast. Mr. ——, who had been merely stunned, seized on the milk and honey, and stuffed away with great zeal; poor D—— was the most deplorable of the party, with a bloody handkerchief bound over one half her face*; I only ached a little; and I believe —— escaped with a scratch on his finger; so, seeing it was no worse, we thanked God, and devoured. After breakfast, we packed ourselves again in our vehicle, and progressed. Mr. —— had procured for me a bunch of flowers, and I amused myself with making a wreath of them. Our route lay over what is called the Ridge road, a very remarkable tract, pursuing a high embankment, which was once the boundary of Lake Ontario, though the waters are now distant from it upwards of seven miles. The theories of the geologists respecting the former position of the lake are very singular, though borne out by similar instances of natural convulsions, and also by the very features of the land. The country through which we journeyed to-day was wilder and less cultivated than any we have yet seen. A great deal of forest land, consisting of close, thin, tall second growth springing around the stump of many a huge tree; thick, tangled underwood, marsh, and damp, green wilderness, where the grass and bushes trailed about in

* Poor Dall died from her injuries

rank luxuriance; and piles of felled timber, with here and there a root yet smoking, bore witness to the first inroads of human cultivation. None of the trees that were standing were of any girth, or comparable in size and beauty to our park trees; but some of the stumps were of large size, and must have been the foundations of noble forest pillars. Our road, after leaving the Ridge road, was horrible. For some length of time before we reached Lockport, we were dragged over what is called a *corduroy road*, which consists merely of logs of wood laid close to each other,—the natural inequalities of which produce a species of jolting incomparably superior to any other I ever felt, and administering but little comfort, either to our bruised bones or apprehensive nerves. We reached Lockport at about four o'clock. There had been rain in the course of the morning, but the evening was clear, though very cold. The appearance of Lockport is very singular,—a collection of new white houses, that look as though they were but this instant finished, standing in a half-cleared wilderness. All round the town, if such it may be called, stretch the remains of the once pathless woods, half cleared, half savage-looking yet; and, as far as the eye can reach, the country presents a series of dreary slopes, covered with prostrate trees, heaps of hewn timber, smoking stumps, and blackened trunks,—a sort of forest stubble-land, a very desolate-looking thing indeed. The house where we stopped appeared to be hardly finished. We ordered dinner; and I forthwith began kindling a fire, which was extremely

welcome to us all. I was very much bruised with our morning's overturn, and went and lay down in my bed-room, where I presently slept profoundly.

Wednesday, 17th.

At nine o'clock we started from Lockport: before doing so, however, we went down to the canal-side to look at the works, which are here very curious and interesting. —— ran into a bookseller's shop, and got ——'s book for me, which he was going to pounce upon without knowing what it was; and ——, for some reasons best known to himself, snatched it away from him, saying it was a book which he was sure he would not like. The road between Lockport and Lewistown is very pretty; and we got out and walked whenever the horses were changed. At one place where we stopped, I saw a meek-eyed, yellowish-white cart horse, standing with a man's saddle on his back. The opportunity was irresistible, and the desire, too; I had not backed a horse for so long; so I got up upon the amazed quadruped woman's fashion, and took a gallop through the fields, with infinite risk of falling off, and proportionate satisfaction. We reached Lewistown at about noon, and anxious inquiries were instituted as to how our luggage was to be forwarded when on the other side; for we were *exclusive extras*,—and for creatures so above common fellowship there is no accommodation in this levelling land. A ferry and a ferry-boat, however, it

appeared there were,—and thither we made our way. While we were waiting for the boat I climbed out on the branches of a huge oak, which grew over the banks of the river, which here rise nearly a hundred feet high. Thus comfortably perched like a bird 'twixt heaven and earth, I copied off some verses which I had scrawled just before leaving Lockport. The ferry-boat being at length procured, we got into it. The day was sultry; the heat intolerable. The water of this said river Niagara is of a most peculiar colour, like a turquoise when it turns green. It was like a thick stream of verdigris, full of pale, milky streaks, whirls, eddies, and counter-currents, and looked as if it was running up by one bank, and down by the other. I sat in the sun, on the floor of the boat, revising my verses. * * * * *

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Arrived on the other side, i. e. Canada, there was a second pause, as to how we were to get conveyed to the falls. My father, ——, and D*all* betook themselves to an inn by the road-side, which promised information and assistance; and —— and I clambering up the heights of Queenston, sat ourselves down under some bushes, whence we looked towards Lake Ontario, and where he told me the history of the place; how his countrymen had thumped my countrymen upon this spot, and how the English general Brock had fallen, near where we sate. A monument in the shape of a stone pillar had been erected to

his memory, and to the top of this —— betook himself to reconnoitre, which ambitious expedition I felt no inclination to share. After he had been gone some time, I thought I perceived signs of stirring down by the inn door; I toiled up the hill to the base of the pillar to fetch him, and we proceeded down to the rest of the party. An uneasy-looking, rickety cart, without springs, was the sole conveyance we could obtain, and into this we packed ourselves. —— brought me some beautiful roses which he had been stealing for me, and —— gave me a glass of milk, with which restoratives I comforted myself, and we set forth. As we squeaked and creaked (I mean our vehicle) up the hill, I thought either my father's or ——'s weight, quite enough to have broken the whole down, but it did not happen. My mind was eagerly dwelling on what we were going to see: that sight which —— said was the only one in the world which had not disappointed him. I felt absolutely nervous with expectation. The sound of the cataract is, they say, heard within fifteen miles when the wind sets favourably: to-day however there was no wind: the whole air was breathless with the heat of mid-summer, and though we stopped our wagon once or twice to listen as we approached, all was profoundest silence. There was no motion in the leaves of the trees, not a cloud sailing in the sky, everything was as though in a bright warm death. When we were within about three miles of the falls, just before entering the village of Niagara, —— stopped the wagon, and then we heard distinctly, though

far off, the voice of the mighty cataract. Looking over the woods which appeared to overhang the course of the river, we beheld one silver cloud rising slowly into the sky—the everlasting incense of the waters. A perfect frenzy of impatience seized upon me. I could have set off and run the whole way, and when at length the carriage stopped at the door of the Niagara House, waiting neither for my father, D——, nor ——, I rushed through the hall, and the garden, down the steep foot-path cut in the rocks. I heard steps behind me, ——was following me; down, down I sprang, and along the narrow foot-path, divided only by a thicket from the tumultuous rapids, I saw through the boughs the white glimmer of that sea of foam—"Go on, go on, don't stop," shouted ——, and in another minute the thicket was passed. I stood upon Table Rock. —— seized me by the arm, and without speaking a word, dragged me to the edge of the rapids, to the brink of the abyss. I saw Niagara—Oh God! who can describe that sight!!!

D,— Adelaide de Camp,— died from her injuries (in the stage coach) on April 18, 1834, at the Tremont House Boston. She was Fanny's mother's younger sister, 33 years old.

THE END.

She was buried at Mt Auburn Sept 434, Ap. 20, 1834, and was the 104th person interred there.

Sept 434 is corner of Dry and paths, overlooking Well pond.

(Sat, Sun June 18, 1893.)

The adjoining lot is that of Robert Farley, d. 1887 86 yrs old; his wife, Frances Charlotte, d. 1846; daughter, Frances Ann, d. 1842.

2d lot beyond is that of Wm. Stephen Skinner born London, 1775, d. Ten 1844. He was agt for Eng govt in Boston. Co prest. British Charitable Soc.

Fanny married Pierce Butler of So. Carolina and Philadelphia, 2 or 3 months after her aunts' deaths in 1834.

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This series of Treatises is published under the following circumstances:—

The Right Honorable and Rev. Francis Henry, Earl of Bridgewater, died in the month of February, 1825; he directed certain trustees therein named, to invest in the public funds, the sum of eight thousand pounds sterling; this sum, with the accruing dividends thereon, to be held at the disposal of the President, for the time being, of the Royal Society of London, to be paid to the person or persons nominated by him. The Testator farther directed, that the person or persons selected by the said President, should be appointed to write, print and publish one thousand copies of a work, on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation; illustrating such work, by all reasonable arguments, as, for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures in the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms; the effect of digestion, and, thereby, of conversion; the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; as also by discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature.

He desired, moreover, that the profits arising from the sale of the works so published, should be paid to the authors of the works.

The late President of the Royal Society, Davies Gilbert, Esq. requested the assistance of his Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Bishop of London, in determining upon the best mode of carrying into effect, the intentions of the Testator. Acting with their advice, and with the concurrence of a nobleman immediately connected with the deceased, Mr. Davies Gilbert appointed the following eight gentlemen to write separate Treatises in the different branches of the subjects here stated:—

I. The Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man, by the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

II. The adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man, by John Kidd, M. D., F. R. S., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford.

III. Astronomy and General Physics, considered with reference to Natural Theology, by the Rev. Wm. Whewell, M. A., F. R. S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

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V. Animal and Vegetable Physiology, by Peter Mark Roget, M. D., Fellow of and Secretary to the Royal Society.

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February 8, 1830.

From the Rev. James Carnahan, President of Princeton College.

Having examined the general plan of the 1st, 2d, and 3d parts of the "NATIONAL SCHOOL MANUAL," and having also taken a cursory view of some of the details, I am satisfied that it is a work of no common merit.

The evils which this work proposes to remedy are great and generally felt by parents and instructors. The expense of books, according to the course heretofore pursued, is a very serious inconvenience; and the loss of time and labor arising from the want of a connected series of instruction adapted to the capacities of children and youth, is a consideration of vast moment.

NATIONAL SCHOOL MANUAL.

Comparatively few instructors are competent to select, from the great number of books now used in common schools, those adapted to the improving capacities of their pupils. If a book, which he cannot understand, be put into the hands of a pupil, he will lose his time, and what is worse, he will probably contract a disgust for learning. The great art of teaching consists in beginning with the simplest elements, and advancing gradually to things more difficult as the capacity of acquiring knowledge expands, presenting something new to arrest the attention and to exercise the ingenuity of the pupil. To answer these ends, the work of Mr. Bartlett seems to me well suited. If these small volumes be thoroughly studied, I am persuaded that the pupil will be better prepared to transact the business of life, and by his own exertions to improve himself after he leaves school, than if he had spent twice the time under an ill-arranged system of instruction.

It will, doubtless, be difficult to introduce a uniform system of instruction into our common schools; yet the object is so desirable, that it deserves a vigorous and persevering effort; and I indulge the hope that the day is not far distant, when the "National School Manual," improved and enlarged by its able and experienced author, will be very generally adopted.

JAMES CARNAHAN.

Nassau Hall, April 27, 1832.

From the Rev. Charles S. Stewart, Chaplain in the United States Navy—Author of a Journal of Voyages to the Pacific, &c. &c.

I have examined with much care, and great satisfaction, the "NATIONAL SCHOOL MANUAL," compiled by M. R. Bartlett. The opinion I have formed of its merits, is of little importance, after the numerous and highly respectable testimonials to its value already in your possession.

A work of this kind has long been a *desideratum* in the economy of our public schools, and I am persuaded that the advantages which this compilation is calculated to secure to *pupils*, *teachers*, and *parents*, need only to be appreciated to secure its introduction throughout our country. It will be found on trial, I think, greatly to aid the instructor in his arduous service, while the pupil cannot fail, in the use of it, if I am not mistaken, to make a more rapid and understanding progress than by the method now generally pursued. To teacher and scholar the importance and value of the system, I doubt not, would be fully shown after a very brief trial, while the parent and guardian would soon learn its advantage in an exemption from the heavy tax now imposed on them by a constant change of books.

I should be happy to see the Manual in every common school in the Union, from the conviction that the best interests of education would be promoted by it.

(Signed) CHAS. SAML. STEWART,
Chaplain U. S. Navy.

New-York, March 30, 1832.

I have examined with care and a high degree of interest the work called the "NATIONAL SCHOOL MANUAL," by Mr. M. R. Bartlett, and am so well satisfied with its merits, and that it will eventually be adopted in all our common schools, to the exclusion of every other work of the kind now in use, that I feel authorized to exert my influence to have the work introduced forthwith into my school.

JAS. W. FAIRCHILD,
Principal of the Hudson Academy.

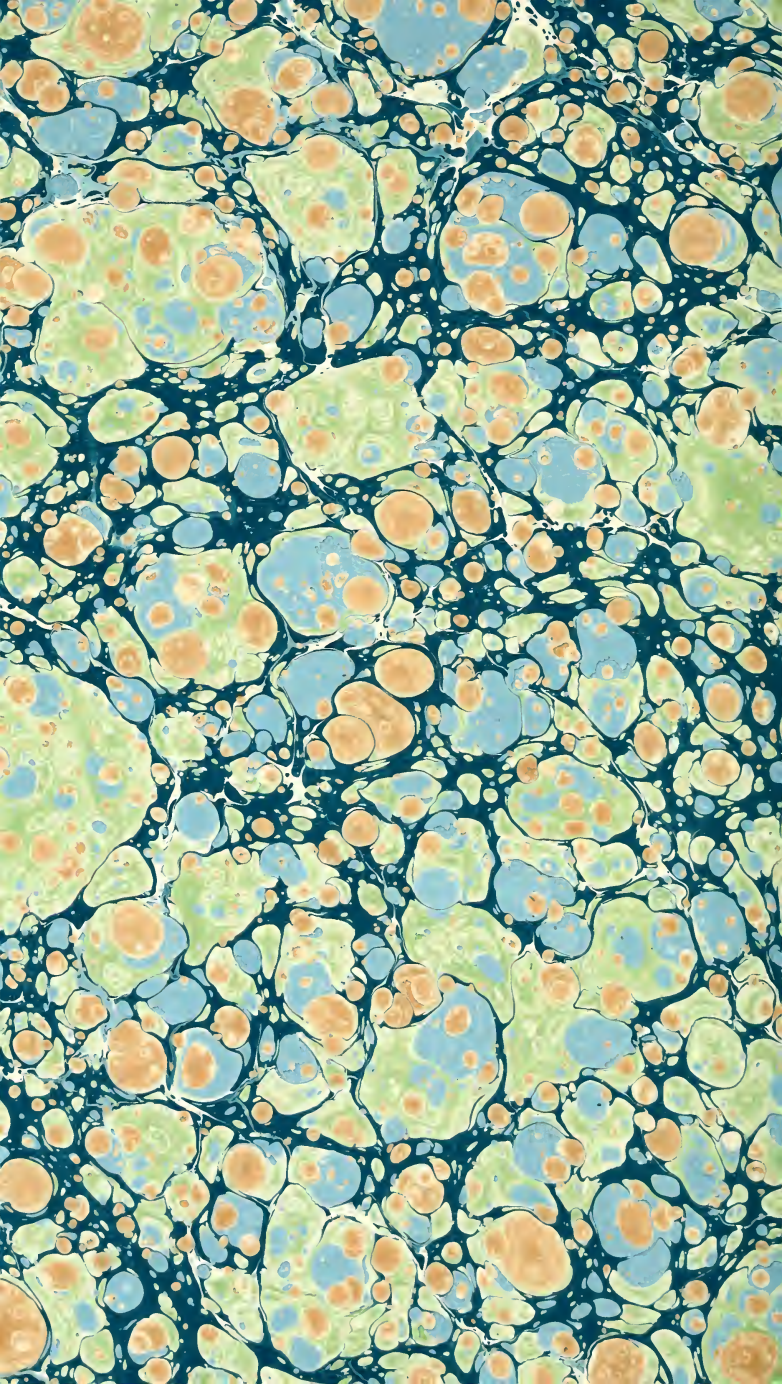
Hudson, Jan. 23, 1832

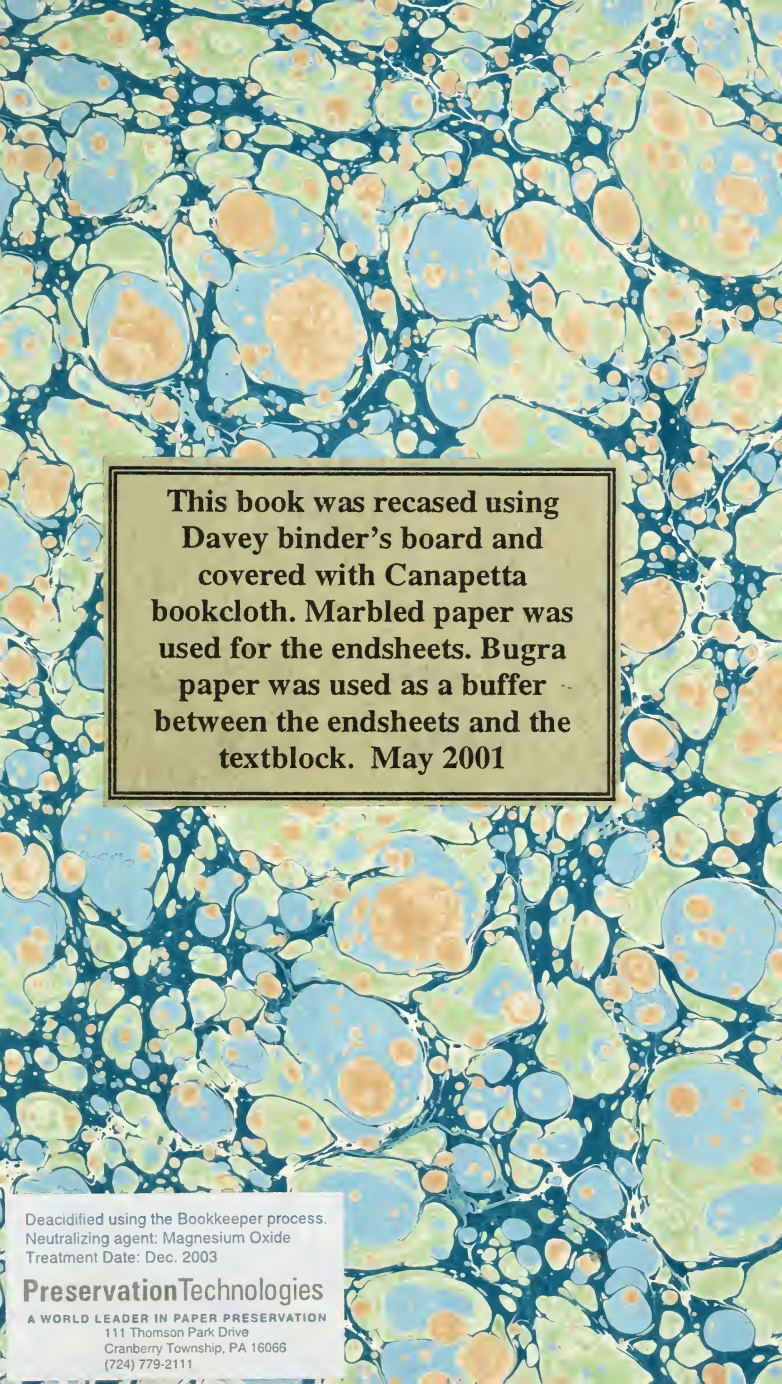
The Publishers have similar letters from fifty or sixty Teachers of the highest respectability.

Elsie Leatimer
Olean N. Y.

Lee Callom.
Hornelsville N.

Miss Tuttle.
Hornelsville





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